

SPIRITUAL TELEGRAPH

DEVOTED TO THE ILLUSTRATION OF SPIRITUAL INTERCOURSE.

"THE AGITATION OF THOUGHT IS THE BEGINNING OF WISDOM."

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WHOLE NO. 246.

QUESTIONS FOR ELUCIDATION BY SPIRITS AND MORTALS.

The investigating class in the city of New York is composed, as far as possible, of intelligent men and women who are supposed to entertain the various popular theories involved in the questions to be solved. This class, until further notice, will assemble each succeeding Wednesday evening at the house of Charles Partridge, and in conducting the meetings the following order will be observed: At seven o'clock the question for the evening will be read, after which will be presented papers from our friends abroad, containing pertinent facts, modes of application to the question under consideration, and conclusions. Then the persons present will read their briefs of facts, arguments and conclusion, and enforce the same with such brief remarks as may render the elucidation of the subject more complete.

To give equal and the widest facilities to all persons—whether present or absent—to participate in the discussion, we purpose to consider the several questions in their order, giving to each at least one week's time, and probably more to some or all of them. The purpose being simply to elicit and present truth in as brief and yet as comprehensive a form as possible, the following has been adopted as the order to be observed which is believed to be best calculated to promote the objects had in view.

First. Each contributor is requested to present in writing the facts on which his or her conclusions are based.

Second. The mode of applying facts to the question.

Third. Conclusions.

Fourth. Remarks.

A digest of each contributor's facts, conclusions and arguments, will be prepared and published weekly in the SPIRITUAL TELEGRAPH, for the benefit of all who feel an interest in the subjects, and especially for those friends abroad who oblige us by participating in the debate, that they may be weekly informed of the manner in which the questions are treated. In this way we hope to establish a nucleus for a universal debating society, for the friendly and mutual interchange of facts and views on all the great questions which involve the social, political and religious interests of mankind. If this call is earnestly responded to with a promise of good results to mankind, other questions will hereafter be proposed and considered, having relation to the practical, social and spiritual needs of humanity.

QUESTIONS.

1. Is there a God; and if so, what are the attributes of the divine nature, and what the mode of the divine existence?
2. Is there a soul or Spirit-world; and if so, what was its origin, its use and destiny? Where is it, and what connection and relation does it hold to the physical or natural world?
3. What is Life, and what was its origin?
4. What is Death, and what was its origin?
5. Are there such things or conditions as mortal and immortal; and if so, what is it that is mortal and what immortal?
6. What was the origin of the first man?
7. What are man's connections with, and relations to, material nature, spiritual nature and God?
8. What are the uses and purposes of man's creation?

9. What are the essential attributes and properties of an immortal being or thing?
10. Is man mortal or immortal in whole or in part, and what part?
11. What influence and effect have the relations, habits and conditions, of a man's earth-life on the relations, conditions and happiness, of his life beyond?
12. Is there a sphere or world of life for man, other and beyond this natural world and the Spirit-world?
13. Wherein consists the essential difference between material substances and things and spiritual substances and things?
14. Is man physically, mentally or morally free?
15. Is there any such thing as evil or sin; and if so, in what does it consist, and what was its origin, its use and destiny?
16. Is the moral universe a means or an end in the creation; and is the moral government of God his final government?
17. Is the moral universe now just such as God originally foresaw, planned and designed?
18. Is there any special Divine Providence in the sense which implies the direct interposition of Deity?
19. Has God made any special revelation of his will to man; and if so, in what does it consist?
20. Has God provided any special means of man's development, regeneration or salvation?
21. Was Jesus Christ divine in any sense in which, and of which, man is not capable?
22. Is there a personal Devil; and if so, what was his origin, what his character, capabilities, uses and destiny?
23. What are the conditions and relations of the Spirit's existence? What are its surroundings, scenery, etc.? What are its powers and susceptibilities, and what are its sources of enjoyment?
24. Wherein consists the difference between man's life in the spiritual world and his life in the material world?
25. What effect has a premature physical death on man's spiritual life and destiny?
26. Have animals an organized spiritual entity—a self-conscious intelligence; and do they at death pass to another sphere or condition of existence?
27. What are the relations of mental to vital motion, and to what extent are the faculties of the mind capable of controlling the functions of the body?
28. Can the human mind, while in its earthly form and relations, produce psychological and physiological effects on other human minds and bodies with and without physical contact; and can it otherwise manifest its powers, through inanimate forms and substances?

PERSONAL AND SPECIAL NOTICES.

Sunday Meetings of Spiritualists.

MR. FINNEY will speak in Dodworth's Academy, morning and evening, at the usual hours. Conference in the afternoon at 3 o'clock. To all of these meetings the public are cordially invited.

REV. T. L. HARRIS will preach in Academy Hall, Broadway, opposite Bond-street, morning and evening, at the usual hours.

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MRS. DR. HATCH will hold circles every Tuesday evening at No. 309 Fourth Avenue, near Twenty-third-street, for the investigation of the principles or philosophy of Spiritualism and kindred subjects.

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Mrs. Cora L. V. Hatch

Will speak at Stuyvesant Institute, Broadway, opposite Bond-street, on Monday evening, January 19, commencing at 7½ o'clock. Mrs. H. is but little more than sixteen years of age, and is wholly unconscious, externally, during the delivery of her discourses; but they are characterized by a cogency of reasoning, consecutiveness of ideas and beauty of diction which is seldom equaled, and conveys to the reflective mind the strongest evidence that there is an intelligence which far transcends what could be expected from so youthful a person. In other cities where she has spoken, she has drawn forth the highest commendations.

That the skeptical mind may be convinced that her discourses are not committed, the audience will either have the opportunity of appointing a committee to select a subject for the evening's discourse, or be permitted to propound questions upon philosophical subjects.

To defray expenses an admission fee of twelve and a-half cents will be received at the door.

N. S. DODGE, healing medium, lectures in the entranced state on diseases, their cause and cure; and also examines and prescribes for various diseases; will respond to calls. Address this office.

MR. REDMAN will leave this city, February first, to fulfill an engagement in Buffalo.

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SPIRITUAL TELEGRAPH

DEVOTED TO THE ILLUSTRATION OF SPIRITUAL INTERCOURSE.

"THE AGITATION OF THOUGHT IS THE BEGINNING OF WISDOM."

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WHOLE NO. 246.

The Principles of Nature.

DO WE BURY ALIVE?

"A spark of life may lurk unseen."

A YEAR or two ago I was traveling in Germany, and, for the first time, met with an apparatus to prevent the very unpleasant misfortune of being buried alive. I had always been curious to see this arrangement, of which other travelers had told me, and had sometimes had a thought of introducing the plan, if it worked well, into the city of New York, where I expected to be buried, and where I prefer being buried after death rather than before. We are a fast people in these American States. We are a fast people in the city of New York. I think we are rather faster here than in any other part of the country, especially in this matter of burying the dead, or those supposed to be dead; for so much in a hurry are we, it is not to be wondered at if now and then a live one is put under the sod. We walk so fast to the grave, when we are willing to walk at all, that the gentleman's remark was in point for the procession as well as for himself, when he observed, at the funeral of his wife, "Let us go slower; we are making a toil of pleasure."

People often die—or are supposed to die—one day and are buried the next; and this, too, when no necessity requires such unseemly haste. Love might ask delay, but some secret impulse to have the business over, urges to instant preparation for the burial, and the ceremony is hastened as if the Macbethian rule were as good for burying as for murder:

"If it were done when 'tis done, then 'twere well

It were done quickly."

Is it a morbid feeling that has always had possession of me on this subject, that from childhood I have had a fear that the fate of one "buried alive" might be my fate? If the feeling is a morbid one, I caught it in a very natural way. This was the way: When I was not more than ten years old, a lady in the village, young and lovely, the victim of a lingering disease, at last was laid in the cold and silent grave. She could scarcely have been said to die—she ceased to live, so gentle was her departure; so little like to dying, it was sleeping rather.

"They thought her dying when she slept,
And sleeping when she died."

But when she did not wake for a day or two, and no signs of life lingered round the heart, and the mirror (an old-fashioned test of death) had been held before her mouth, and was not dimmed with the faintest cloud of breath, she was clad in white raiment, and then

"In the cold, damp earth we laid her, where the forest casts its leaf,
And we wept that one so lovely should have a lot so brief;
Yet not unmeet it seemed that that young friend of ours,
So lovely and so beautiful, should perish with the flowers."

After the burial, the idea got abroad that she was not dead. It was said that at many different times she had fallen into long trances, which had so much resembled death that it was hard to tell the difference; and the rumor grew from day to day, till nothing would allay the excitement but to open the grave and see

if any signs were there of her having actually come to life after she was buried. True, it could do no good, but it would satisfy the public mind, and that is something in a country village, where everybody knows everybody and his wife. I remember well the summer afternoon when a number of men—the minister was one of them—and the deacons, and a few others with them, went to the church-yard to see the grave opened. I was among the boys who followed them in, and as the men reached the coffin in digging, there was a deeper stillness than a fortnight ago when it was lowered there. They scraped the earth from the wood. It was too slow a task to extricate the coffin itself from the ground, and the diggers split the cover, and removed the fragments, exposing the body to the gaze of those who stood above. I had crept through the crowd, and was looking down into the grave, at its head, on my hands and knees. I had seen the face of the buried one, in that same coffin, two weeks ago, and I looked to see it again, as the narrow house was once more opened to the light of heaven.

The face was not to be seen. It was turned over, and the shroud was torn to rags, and the horrid evidence forced upon every beholder that a struggle terrible to think of—oh! how much more terrible to endure—had been made in that dungeon of despair. She must have revived just before or just after the grave was closed, and made a brief but dreadful fight with fate before she suffocated. The pang was short—there was comfort in that—but she doubtless woke to the consciousness of her doom, and then succumbed. Perhaps she knew all, and suffered all, from the moment of her falling asleep till she perished. The soul may have been active and keenly struggling, while friends wept and prayed, and yet was able to make no sigh. There was no help for it now. All that could be done was to fill up the grave again, and think. There was much thinking done, and much talking, too. Nothing else was talked of for many a long day and week. All the cases of premature interment that were ever heard of were repeated now, with such attendant circumstances of horror as the imagination of superstitious people would suggest. It was at this time that I heard the following very remarkable instance related:

Mrs. Erskine, the wife of the Rev. Mr. Erskine, of Scotland, was supposed to die. The event was sudden, but the evidence was so clear that scarcely a doubt arose as to the fact. She had a gold ring on her finger, which she had worn so long that now it could not be drawn over the joint without violence. This her friends were unwilling to use, and she was laid in the minister's vault, beneath the church. The sexton was smitten with the love of gold, and determined to get possession of the ring. In the middle of the night he wended his way to the church, descended into the sanctuary of the dead, opened the door of the vault and the lid of the coffin, lifted the arm of the sleeper, and having taken the finger with the ring on it in his hand, proceeded to cut it off. With the first incision of the knife the hand was snatched away, and a sharp scream from the corpse sent the frightened sexton heels over head out of the vault, leaving the

doors wide open behind him in his flight. He never stopped in his race till he was snug in his own bed again, saying his prayers. Mrs. Erskine, who had all the while been conscious of what was transpiring, was grateful indeed for the burglarious interposition of the thieving rascal, and extricating herself as soon as possible from her contracted quarters, crept out of the vault and into the street, and then pursued her way to her own door. In answer to her knock, Mr. Erskine called out,

"Who's there?"

"It is your own wife," she replied, "and I am dying with cold. Let me in quickly."

His astonishment can not well be described; but he answered, "The voice is so much like that of my beloved, I should believe it hers if I had not buried her to-day."

"Let me in," said she, "and I will tell you all."

The astonished pastor, willing to believe, but hardly able to persuade himself that it was not all a dream, arose and admitted his wife. Once more in her own bed, and revived by such stimulus as a Scotch parsonage is always well supplied with, Mrs. Erskine was speedily brought up again, and in a few days was able to resume the duties of life. A marvelous resurrection indeed! And one of the most marvelous and pleasant incidents in the story remains to be told: she became the mother of two sons, the celebrated Ralph and Ebenezer Erskine, than whom two greater and better preachers Scotland never produced.

Now if this is a fact, and I suppose it is, it is a lesson not to be lost on all mankind. What a loss to the world would the suffocation of the Rev. Mrs. Erskine have been? what must the world have missed if those sons had never been born? But what I had seen in childhood and heard, impressed me deeply with the necessity of caution in the burial of the dead, lest perchance, now and then, perhaps only once in the lifetime of a whole generation, one living being should be condemned to the anguish of a doom from the bare thought of which the mind recoils.

Then we read of the Fakirs of India, who practice a sort of voluntary dying, and return to life after a burial of many days—a fact that is too well attested by evidence of resident missionaries to be disputed. It is a religious rite, resorted to for the mortification of the members and the purification of the soul. The wretched heathen devotee retires within himself, and so effectually, that to all outward appearances he is dead, and he is then actually buried. After the lapse of some days—fourteen have been recorded in some cases—the grave is opened, and the man is taken out, more dead than alive indeed, but still living; and after careful nursing and the use of restoratives, he is able to "have his being" again among his fellow-men.

Not long ago we had the case related of an officer in the English army who possessed this extraordinary faculty of voluntarily suspending the functions of life. He was in the habit of amusing himself and astonishing his friends by feigning death, and this he could do so perfectly that all ordinary tests of animation failed to discover the deception. At last, on a wager as to the

length of time through which he could carry it, he died too well, and never came to again. Such facts are not to be lightly passed by. If there be the faculty of voluntary suspension of the signs of life; if men may be actually buried for many successive days and then restored alive—if the well-known cases of catalepsy, of trances, and exhaustion protracted till death seems certain, are within the observation of all, may it not be true, especially in seasons of epidemic disease, that many persons are prematurely buried? And would it not be *humanity* to provide the means of preventing such a calamity, if it were to befall a but a single individual in a century?

It is now but a short time since a friend of the writer, a gentleman of undoubted character and veracity, related to him the following history. He said that in calling on a gentleman in a neighboring city, with whom he had done business for the past ten years, he observed that he signed a check with his left hand; and on remarking it, received this explanation, which we give to his own words, as our friend related them to us:

"When I was a young man, I was stung by a bee on the neck. Immediately after it the symptoms of lock-jaw ensued, and in a few hours' time I became rigid, and at length, as my friends supposed, died. The grief of my father was excessive, and he would not be induced to believe in his sudden affliction. Friends assured him of the fact, and he had an examination made by eminent physicians, all of whom pronounced me dead. I was kept several days, and at length prepared for burial. The funeral services were attended in the house, and the coffin kept open for the friends to look at my body. During all this time I was perfectly conscious of everything that was going on around me, and in a state of horror that no words can describe. The last moment arrived, and my father came to look once more on my face. I knew he was bending over me, and that in a moment more the coffin lid would close over me forever. The terrible mental convulsion of that moment made itself visible to the eye of my father in a slight trembling of my eyelid, the sole movement that my will was able to accomplish. He called aloud that I was not dead. They crowded around; again declared that I was dead, and that he was deceived. They attributed his notion to his affection for me, and the deep anxiety of a father. But he refused to be overpowered again. He had me removed from the coffin, and he persisted in continuing his restorative applications, but it was long—very many hours" (we have forgotten our informant's statement in this respect, but our recollection is that it was one or two days), "before life was visible. I was restored, and regained my health and activity, with the exception of one arm, which has ever since remained paralyzed."

We have no doubt that there are many in this city who will recognize this story.

In this connection, too, it is not improper to mention a perfectly well-authenticated case which occurred on one of our railways a short time ago.

A train of cars plunged into a river, and many passengers were drowned. Among them was a young lady, who was taken out of the water after a long submersion, and pronounced dead. A stage-driver passing, and looking on, observed the countenance of the lady, and would not be induced to believe that one so beautiful was dead. He asked permission to attempt to revive her. The attending physicians refused, saying that she was undoubtedly dead. He persisted in carrying her into a house, and went out into the street and hired two laborers to work for him by the half day; took them in, and ordered them to chafe the body of the supposed dead lady. They obeyed; but at the end of an hour refused to work longer on what they considered a useless task. He persisted that she could not be dead, and refused to pay them a cent unless they would keep on, asking them if it was not easier work than digging dirt! They kept on, and at the end of three hours and some minutes were rewarded with signs of life in the body, and the eventual restoration of the young lady. It is hardly necessary to add that the father of the lady, who is one of our most distinguished literary men, rewarded the noble-hearted savior of his daughter in a manner characteristic of his own warm heart.

In this country we are so much addicted to the largest liberty that it is absurd to talk of making laws to prevent parents from burying their children, or to prevent children from performing that office for their parents as soon as they please. It has recently been decided in the old Brick Church case that the nearest relative has a right of property in the remains of the dead, and

even after the lapse of fifty years may claim and save them from desecration. According to this decision, which our best instincts, our holiest affections, and soundest judgment approve, a man ceases to be his own owner as soon as he ceases to breathe. If he has not disposed of his body by will and testament, and the lawful heirs should differ among themselves as to the right of possession, we do not know that any precedent can be cited to settle the question. So long as there is any reason to suppose that life is in him, he has his own rights, and may lie on his own bed. But as soon as the breath is out of his body, the Spirit having returned to Him who gave it, the remains are at the disposal of surviving friends, and the law will not interfere to prevent instant interment if they are so disposed. Fortunately the Turkish idea does not prevail in the West, that the soul is not at rest till the body is laid in the grave. That notion hastens burials there, and were we to add the Oriental superstition upon the popular anxiety to hasten interments, we should increase disastrously the hazard, now too fearful, of consigning those we love to living tombs.

The story of Mrs. Erskine becoming the mother of two children after being raised from the grave may be treated as apocryphal, but the following is already a matter of history, and is recorded by Dr. Plot in his *Chronicles of Oxfordshire*:

"In the year 1650, Anne Green, a servant of Sir Thomas Reed, was tried for the murder of her new-born child, and found guilty. She was executed in the court-yard at Oxford, where she hung about a half an hour. Being cut down, she was put into a coffin and brought away to a house to be dissected, where, when they opened the coffin, notwithstanding the rope remained unloosed and strait about her neck, they perceived her breast to rise; whereupon, one Masson, a tailor, intending only an act of charity, set his foot upon her, and, as some say, one Orum, a soldier, struck her again with the butt-end of his musket. Notwithstanding all which, when the learned and eminent Sir William Petty, ancestor of the present Marquis of Lansdowne, then Anatomy Professor of the University, Dr. Wallace, and Dr. Clark, then President of Magdalen College and Vice-Chancellor of the University, came to prepare the body for dissection, they perceived some small rattling in her throat; hereupon desisting from their former purpose, they presently used means for her recovery by opening a vein, laying her in a warm bed, and also using divers remedies respecting her senselessness, inasmuch that within fourteen hours she began to speak, and next day talked and prayed very heartily. During the time of this her recovery, the officers concerned in her execution would needs have had her away again to have completed it on her; but by the mediation of the worthy doctors and some other friends with the then governor of the city, Colonel Kelsy, there was a guard put upon her from all further disturbance, till they had sued out her pardon from the government. Much doubt, indeed, arose as to her actual guilt. Crowds of people in the meantime came to see her, and many asserted that it must be the providence of God who would thus assert her innocence.

"After some time, Dr. Petty hearing she discoursed with those about her, and suspecting that the women might suggest unto her to relate something of strange visions and apparitions she had seen during the time she seemed to be dead (which they had already begun to do, telling that she said she had been in a fine green meadow, having a river running round it, and all things there glittered like silver and gold), he caused all to depart from the room but the gentlemen of faculty who were to have been at the dissection, and asked her concerning her sense and apprehensions during the time she was hanged. To which she answered that she neither remembered how the fetters were knocked off; how she went out of the prison; when she was turned of the ladder; whether any psalm was sung or not; nor was she sensible of any pains, that she could remember. She came to herself as if she had wakened out of a sleep, not recovering the use of her speech by slow degrees, but in a manner altogether, beginning to speak just where she left off on the gallows.

"Being thus, at length, perfectly recovered, after thanks given to God and the persons instrumental in bringing her to life, and procuring her an immunity from further punishment, she retired into the country to her friends at Steeple Barton, where she was afterward married, and lived in good repute among her neighbors, having three children, and not dying till 1659."

This is quaintly told, but it is a striking example of the deceitfulness of appearances, under circumstances when it would hardly be possible for such a mistake to be made. In this case the mis-

take was the occasion of saving the poor girl's life, but a mistake at another time might have proved the death of some who had a better right to live. Another instance, very like to the one just mentioned, is recorded by a celebrated French author. It is the case of a girl also, and who was executed by hanging. Her employer had become exasperated at her, in consequence of her steady refusal to submit to his will, and he caused some of his property to be put into her box among her own clothing. Accusing her of theft, a search was made, and the discovery was considered the best proof of the charge. She was seized and thrown into prison. She defended herself only by her tears. Indeed she could not *prove* that she did not put the property into her box, and her only answer to the interrogatories was, that she was innocent. The judges before whom she was brought had no suspicion of the deep depravity of the wretch who accused her; his station and reputation were respectable, and regarding the evidence against the poor girl as conclusive, they administered the law in all its rigor. She was condemned to be hung; for in those days it is said that hanging was the punishment for stealing, if the criminal stole the worth of a halter. It happened that the hangman who was to officiate on this occasion was to make his first experiment upon this innocent sufferer, and his awkwardness may account for the insufficient manner in which the work was performed. A surgeon had purchased the body for dissection, and it was taken down from the gallows and conveyed directly to his house. In the course of the evening he entered his dissecting-room, and having approached the table on which the body was lying, he was about to make an incision, when he perceived a gentle warmth about the breast. The knife fell from his hand, for, familiar as he was to the dead, he was startled at the thought of cutting rashly into the living. His professional spirit also was roused, and if a spark of life was yet lingering in the bosom of this young woman he would, if possible, rekindle the flame. From the table he bore her to a warm bath and bed. Every moment increased the evidence that the vital spark was not extinct. He soon had the satisfaction of seeing sure and certain signs of animation. Before she became conscious, the surgeon sent for a venerable clergyman, on whose discretion he could depend, in order to consult with him on the singular circumstances in which he was now placed, having found himself in possession of a living person who belonged to the government, and was still under sentence of death. The clergyman came. He was dressed in his ecclesiastical garb, and his form and countenance were in striking keeping with his dress and profession. He stood by the side of the bed, and the moment the young woman opened her eyes they fell on his majestic and solemn countenance. Joining her trembling hands, and supposing herself to be in eternity, in the presence of her final Judge, she exclaimed.

"Holy Father, God of heaven and earth, you know my innocence, have mercy on me!"

In words like these she continued to invoke the reverend man, believing still that she had indeed entered the world of Spirits. He spoke to her kindly, and with much gentleness soothed her feelings, and by degrees led her to understand her true position. Then she awoke to a sense of her danger; but the surgeon and the priest agreed to keep the secret, and they aided her in hiding herself until a pardon could be procured. But the trial, the gallows, and the gaping multitude were haunting her continually, and it was long, very long, before she was able to dispel those dreadful images from her mind.

From the records of the gallows we could furnish many cases of this sort, but they are common, and only illustrate a single form of apparent death, whereas in the daily ravages of disease there are numerous and almost indescribable ways by which the most wary and watchful are liable to be deceived.

In Italy a few years ago, as a priest—a youthful priest—was traveling on foot, he chanced at evening to reach a village, where the death of a fair maiden had been bewailed through the day with loud lament and floods of tears. She was the fairest of the village fair. She had been crowned with roses many a time as Queen of Beauty, and now on an elevated couch she had been laid through the day, and strewed with flowers, while the whole people, old and young, had wept and prayed for the repose of her soul. The next day she would be buried. The priest approached the couch on which she was lying, and knelt to pray. He was smitten with her beauty, radiant even in death; for, as I have seen the faces of the dead in Italy, they restore the tints of the rose on the marble cheeks, and if they were lily-white in

length of time through which he could carry it, he died too well, and never came to again. Such facts are not to be lightly passed by. If there be the faculty of voluntary suspension of the signs of life; if men may be actually buried for many successive days and then restored alive—if the well-known cases of catalepsy, of trances, and exhaustion protracted till death seems certain, are within the observation of all, may it not be true, especially in seasons of epidemic disease, that many persons are prematurely buried? And would it not be humanity to provide the means of preventing such a calamity, if it were to befall a but a single individual in a century?

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A train of cars plunged into a river, and many passengers were drowned. Among them was a young lady, who was taken out of the water after a long submersion, and pronounced dead. A stage-driver passing, and looking on, observed the countenance of the lady, and would not be induced to believe that one so beautiful was dead. He asked permission to attempt to revive her. The attending physicians refused, saying that she was undoubtedly dead. He persisted in carrying her into a house, and went out into the street and hired two laborers to work for him by the half day; took them in, and ordered them to chafe the body of the supposed dead lady. They obeyed; but at the end of an hour refused to work longer on what they considered a useless task. He persisted that she could not be dead, and refused to pay them a cent unless they would keep on, asking them if it was not easier work than digging dirt? They kept on, and at the end of three hours and some minutes were rewarded with signs of life in the body, and the eventual restoration of the young lady. It is hardly necessary to add that the father of the lady, who is one of our most distinguished literary men, rewarded the noble-hearted savior of his daughter in a manner characteristic of his own warm heart.

In this country we are so much addicted to the largest liberty that it is absurd to talk of making laws to prevent parents from burying their children, or to prevent children from performing that office for their parents as soon as they please. It has recently been decided in the old Brick Church case that the nearest relative has a right of property in the remains of the dead, and

even after the lapse of fifty years may claim and save them from desecration. According to this decision, which our best instincts, our holiest affections, and soundest judgment approve, a man ceases to be his own owner as soon as he ceases to breathe. If he has not disposed of his body by will and testament, and the lawful heirs should differ among themselves as to the right of possession, we do not know that any precedent can be cited to settle the question. So long as there is any reason to suppose that life is in him, he has his own rights, and may lie on his own bed. But as soon as the breath is out of his body, the Spirit having returned to Him who gave it, the remains are at the disposal of surviving friends, and the law will not interfere to prevent instant interment if they are so disposed. Fortunately the Turkish idea does not prevail in the West, that the soul is not at rest till the body is laid in the grave. That notion hastens burials there, and were we to add the Oriental superstition upon the popular anxiety to hasten interments, we should increase disastrously the hazard, now too fearful, of consigning those we love to living tombs.

The story of Mrs. Erskine becoming the mother of two children after being raised from the grave may be treated as apocryphal, but the following is already a matter of history, and is recorded by Dr. Plot in his *Chronicles of Oxfordshire*:

"In the year 1650, Anne Green, a servant of Sir Thomas Reed, was tried for the murder of her new-born child, and found guilty. She was executed in the court-yard at Oxford, where she hung about a half an hour. Being cut down, she was put into a coffin and brought away to a house to be dissected, where, when they opened the coffin, notwithstanding the rope remained unloosed and strait about her neck, they perceived her breast to rise; whereupon, one Masson, a tailor, intending only an act of charity, set his foot upon her, and, as some say, one Orum, a soldier, struck her again with the butt-end of his musket. Notwithstanding all which, when the learned and eminent Sir William Perry, ancestor of the present Marquis of Lansdowne, then Anatomy Professor of the University, Dr. Wallace, and Dr. Clark, then President of Magdalen College and Vice-Chancellor of the University, came to prepare the body for dissection, they perceived some small rattling in her throat; hereupon desisting from their former purpose, they presently used means for her recovery by opening a vein, laying her in a warm bed, and also using divers remedies respecting her senselessness, inasmuch that within fourteen hours she began to speak, and next day talked and prayed very heartily. During the time of this her recovery, the officers concerned in her execution would needs have had her away again to have completed it on her; but by the mediation of the worthy doctors and some other friends with the then governor of the city, Colonel Kelsy, there was a guard put upon her from all further disturbance, till they had sued out her pardon from the government. Much doubt, indeed, arose as to her actual guilt. Crowds of people in the meantime came to see her, and many asserted that it must be the providence of God who would thus assert her innocence.

"After some time, Dr. Petty hearing she discoursed with those about her, and suspecting that the women might suggest unto her to relate something of strange visions and apparitions she had seen during the time she seemed to be dead (which they had already begun to do, telling that she said she had been in a fine green meadow, having a river running round it, and all things there glittered like silver and gold), he caused all to depart from the room but the gentlemen of faculty who were to have been at the dissection, and asked her concerning her sense and apprehensions during the time she was hanged. To which she answered that she neither remembered how the fetters were knocked off; how she went out of the prison; when she was turned of the ladder; whether any psalm was sung or not; nor was she sensible of any pains, that she could remember. She came to herself as if she had wakened out of a sleep, not recovering the use of her speech by slow degrees, but in a manner altogether, beginning to speak just where she left off on the gallows.

"Being thus, at length, perfectly recovered, after thanks given to God and the persons instrumental in bringing her to life, and procuring her an immunity from further punishment, she retired into the country to her friends at Steeple Barton, where she was afterward married, and lived in good repute among her neighbors, having three children, and not dying till 1659."

This is quaintly told, but it is a striking example of the deceitfulness of appearances, under circumstances when it would hardly be possible for such a mistake to be made. In this case the mis-

take was the occasion of saving the poor girl's life, but a mistake at another time might have proved the death of some who had a better right to live. Another instance, very like to the one just mentioned, is recorded by a celebrated French author. It is the case of a girl also, and who was executed by hanging. Her employer had become exasperated at her, in consequence of her steady refusal to submit to his will, and he caused some of his property to be put into her box among her own clothing. Accusing her of theft, a search was made, and the discovery was considered the best proof of the charge. She was seized and thrown into prison. She defended herself only by her tears. Indeed she could not prove that she did not put the property into her box, and her only answer to the interrogatories was, that she was innocent. The judges before whom she was brought had no suspicion of the deep depravity of the wretch who accused her; his station and reputation were respectable, and regarding the evidence against the poor girl as conclusive, they administered the law in all its rigor. She was condemned to be hung; for in those days it is said that hanging was the punishment for stealing, if the criminal stole the worth of a halter. It happened that the hangman who was to officiate on this occasion was to make his first experiment upon this innocent sufferer, and his awkwardness may account for the insufficient manner in which the work was performed. A surgeon had purchased the body for dissection, and it was taken down from the gallows and conveyed directly to his house. In the course of the evening he entered his dissecting-room, and having approached the table on which the body was lying, he was about to make an incision, when he perceived a gentle warmth about the breast. The knife fell from his hand, for, familiar as he was to the dead, he was startled at the thought of cutting rashly into the living. His professional spirit also was roused, and if a spark of life was yet lingering in the bosom of this young woman he would, if possible, rekindle the flame. From the table he bore her to a warm bath and bed. Every moment increased the evidence that the vital spark was not extinct. He soon had the satisfaction of seeing sure and certain signs of animation. Before she became conscious, the surgeon sent for a venerable clergyman, on whose discretion he could depend, in order to consult with him on the singular circumstances in which he was now placed, having found himself in possession of a living person who belonged to the government, and was still under sentence of death. The clergyman came. He was dressed in his ecclesiastical garb, and his form and countenance were in striking keeping with his dress and profession. He stood by the side of the bed, and the moment the young woman opened her eyes they fell on his majestic and solemn countenance. Joining her trembling hands, and supposing herself to be in eternity, in the presence of her final Judge, she exclaimed.

"Holy Father, God of heaven and earth, you know my innocence, have mercy on me!"

In words like these she continued to invoke the reverend man, believing still that she had indeed entered the world of Spirits. He spoke to her kindly, and with much gentleness soothed her feelings, and by degrees led her to understand her true position. Then she awoke to a sense of her danger; but the surgeon and the priest agreed to keep the secret, and they aided her in hiding herself until a pardon could be procured. But the trial, the gallows, and the gaping multitude were haunting her continually, and it was long, very long, before she was able to dispel those dreadful images from her mind.

From the records of the gallows we could furnish many cases of this sort, but they are common, and only illustrate a single form of apparent death, whereas in the daily ravages of disease there are numerous and almost indescribable ways by which the most wary and watchful are liable to be deceived.

In Italy a few years ago, as a priest—a youthful priest—was traveling on foot, he chanced at evening to reach a village, where the death of a fair maiden had been bewailed through the day with loud lament and floods of tears. She was the fairest of the village fair. She had been crowned with roses many a time as Queen of Beauty, and now on an elevated couch she had been laid through the day, and strewed with flowers, while the whole people, old and young, had wept and prayed for the repose of her soul. The next day she would be buried. The priest approached the couch on which she was lying, and knelt to pray. He was smitten with her beauty, radiant even in death; for, as I have seen the faces of the dead in Italy, they restore the tints of the rose on the marble cheeks, and if they were lily-white in

life, they make them blush after the blood has set back to the source. Whether he was struck with any signs of life or not, is not told, but he begged the privilege of keeping a solitary vigil by the side of the dead, during the long night that was now closing round them. His request was granted, with many thanks for the pious prayers he would offer while watching with the corpse. The young man found himself alone, with the lovely form of a woman, and, for the first time in his life, he began to reflect upon the sacrifice of love, the smothering of human and holy passion in his breast, which his vows of priesthood had imposed. He looked and loved still more. The more he looked the more he loved, and then the madness of such a love rushed on him. To love the dead was madness; for a priest to love the living was madness; what, then, must it be for a priest to love even an angel in her shroud! The hours of night, slow, dark, awful, dragged themselves on, and the fire of his heart was burning up into his brain. If she were *living*, he would take her in his arms and fly the land of priestly tyranny, abjure the religion that denied him the holiest joys of earth, and in some distant and better country he would make her his bride—his wife! Half frantic, as these thoughts pressed on his soul, he threw himself by the side of the corpse; he pressed his lips to hers; he drew her to his own beating, almost bursting heart, and held her in one still, solemn, holy, long embrace. Was it fancy? Did he feel a faint responsive throbbing in the heart that in death was thrilling his own with unutterable love! Did he feel a breath, as if a Spirit fluttered on his lips! It was not fancy. He held a living being in his arms! A genial glow was soon pervading her nerves, and slowly, but surely, all the machinery of life began to move, and the dead was alive again. When the first moment of wonder was past, and she was made to understand the deliverance which she had experienced, she saw in the young and handsome priest her savior. He refused to listen to her thanks, but sued for love. He was eloquent, and she not deaf to his burning words. But what could they do! His vows were upon him, and they could not marry. They must fly. Before the morning light returned they had formed their plans. He announced to her parents the resurrection of the night, in answer to his prayers, and while yet the stars were shining in the brow of day he was on his pilgrimage with staff in hand.

A few weeks afterward she, too, made a pilgrimage to Leghorn, to perform a vow she had made on her restoration to life. She never came back. Her lover met her there near the high altar in the cathedral, and one of the many vessels bound to America bore them away.

The high romance of that story—and it has elements of the highest—must not destroy the effect of it as a warning against hasty burials. But I must hasten back to my starting-point, which was somewhere in Germany, looking up an apparatus to prevent premature interment.

It was a morning never to be forgotten for its beauty when I left the cars, and stopped at Weimar, looked in on the old church-yard where Musæus, and Bodæus, and Lucas Cranach were sleeping, then wandered for an hour among the groves and gardens of the palace; found the spot, the very house and room and table and chair, where Goethe lived, and wrote, and died; gazed in silent awe at the walls that sheltered Schiller, and where he, too, breathed his last; and then walked out of the town to the cemetery, and through its wide avenue, bordered with flowers, to the tomb of the royal family, a marble mausoleum where the Grand Duke is lying. He thought to dignify his own remains by having the two great poets laid, one on each side of him; but court etiquette forbade that kingly dust should be near to that of ordinary mortals, albeit the dust was of men whom titles would not ennoble, and crowns would not exalt. So the poets are stowed away one side, and the Grand Duke has the center of the pavement for the repose of his own wasting limbs. Near the entrance to the cemetery is a long, low building, in which is kept the apparatus of which I have been speaking, and which I had so long wished to see. But again I was doomed to disappointment. The sexton was absent, and his family, who had opened the gates for our admission, would show us nothing more. This seemed to invest the matter with a little mystery, and to make the anxiety greater to see what was to be seen.

We were more fortunate at Halle. Here the old sexton, after showing us the graves of the illustrious professors of the venerable University, and the sight, to us quite novel, of deep graves with openings through which the coffins could always be seen, coffins strewn with wreaths of flowers when first deposited there,

and these flowers renewed day after day, and sometimes year after year—when he had shown us those sights, and all the attractions of a German church-yard—for they do make their burial-places attractive in Germany—he conducted us to the house in which the dead are allowed to repose on their way to the grave. It is the custom of the country, and in almost all the larger towns preparation is made for it, to have such a house as this at the cemetery, and a person to attend to it by night and day. To this house the corpse is brought by the relatives, and laid upon a couch well warmed in winter and well aired in summer. The body is treated with tenderness and care, as if the life might yet be trembling in it, and by being cherished might be quickened, or by neglect be extinguished forever. On each finger of each hand a thimble is placed, and from each of these a thread extends to a central thread (the thread of life indeed!), and this passes through an orifice in the wall, and there is fastened to a bell, so delicately hung that the slightest movement would set it ringing. It hangs by the ear of one who waits by day and sleeps by night, but ready to start at this summons and run to the bedside of the reviving body, that has thus unconsciously signaled its need of instant aid. The least pulsation will communicate the tremor to the thread that will thus ring the bell. Even a motion that the eye of the most anxious watcher might fail to detect is marked by this alarm! A watcher might sleep at the post of duty, and be the most soundly asleep when his help would be essential to the reviving patient. But by this arrangement, the attendant is spared the fatigue of watching, and is ever on the alert to hasten with all needful appliances the moment that his aid is required. The body is suffered to remain in this room, with these arrangements, until decomposition begins to take place, or other signs of death too palpable to be mistaken make their appearance.

I asked the old man how long he had been at this post, and he told me, "More than thirty years."

"And in that time how many persons were brought here and tested by these means?"

"More than fifty every year—one or two nearly every week," he said.

"But I see none here now?"

"No," he said; "but there is the grave in which we buried the last one, and that was taken out of here this day."

"And how many," I inquired, with some anxiety for the answer, "how many, in your service of thirty years, have you brought back to life by subjecting them to this experiment?"

"Not one."

This was a comfort. Not that I was glad to hear they had never saved the life of anybody, but that in a whole generation of his experience, in a town of some importance, where the custom was maintained with strictness, it had never been found that one person had come so near to being buried alive that his or her life had been saved by the discovery of the fact at this the last hour. Still there was another question to be put.

"Have you ever heard from any other places in this part of the country that any persons have been saved from the grave by this contrivance?"

"Oh yes!" he answered, without any hesitation. "At Erfurt was a case, not long since, where a man was found to be alive, after lying two or three days in the dead-house."

"Is that case well established?" I asked. "Do you know the facts, or is it merely a flying report that may or may not be true?"

Professor B——, of the Orphan Asylum of Franche, was with me, and replied that the case was well known, and he would give me the particulars as we were returning from our walks among the tombs.

There was nothing in the case more remarkable than that a man should fall into a trance, and come to himself again after a lapse of a week or two. But I found on inquiry that the case was not an isolated one. As a similar apparatus was in use in other parts of the country, and employed with great frequency, so as to become a custom of society, it is plain that there must be cases enough of restoration, the result of the experiments, to sustain the practice. Certainly it would fall speedily into neglect and disuse if it were not that "now and then" it proves the salvation of a friend. And if it does prove such an instrumentality "now and then," if only one person in a generation is saved from being buried alive, is it not worth all the cost, and a thousand times more! If we ourselves, or one we love, were thus delivered, should we question the expediency of adopting the plan universally?—*Harper's Weekly*.

WITCHCRAFT IN NEW ENGLAND.

HAD the "spiritual mediums" of the present day had the misfortune to have lived in Boston in the seventeenth century, it is likely that most, if not all of them, would have been drowned, burnt, or choked out of this world.

The first execution for witchcraft, in New England, occurred in Connecticut. The second was that of Mrs. Margaret Jones, of Charlestown, who was hanged in Boston, in 1642. Malice or superstition charged her with possessing a malignant touch, which immediately affected with some violent disease the person who came in contact with her.

The many executions for witchcraft, which have disfigured New England's history, warn us to guard against indulgence in any superstitious notions. It is not a little singular that the descendants of the very Puritans, whose superstitions were so violent and absurd, are themselves the most bitter assailants of the superstitious notions, which are part and parcel of the Catholic faith. Probably none of us are entirely devoid of superstitious ideas. We may be ashamed to confess it, in the presence of such as ridicule superstition; but if a social party discuss the subject in a spirit of tolerance and without levity, it will not be long before each divulges some superstitious notion or experience of his own. Almost all mankind, civilized or savage, are to a certain extent believers in dreams. Yielding to superstitious fancies corrupts the judgment, and makes us the slaves of accident.

This Mrs. Jones' death did not satisfy the community; they extended her evil influence to her husband. Naturally desiring to leave the scene of distress, he wished to go in a vessel bound to Barbadoes; but passage was denied him. She lay in the river between Boston and Charlestown, and after Jones had been refused, she was seen to roll from one side to the other, as if she would turn over. She was of three hundred tons burden, in light ballast, and had eighty horses aboard. Possibly some sudden shifting of a part of her lading caused the singular motion. But Jones was accused as the wicked cause of the supposed pre-natural accident, and a constable was sent across the ferry with a warrant for his apprehension. As the pious officer crossed, he held up the warrant, as a sort of talisman, in view of the ship, and it was said that she gradually ceased to roll, and assumed her erect position. After Jones was imprisoned, the vessel moved in the strange way no longer. Of course the affair was the result of accident, or the machination of his enemies.

In 1656, eight years afterward, Mrs. Ann Hibbins was tried and executed in Boston, for witchcraft. Her husband had been an agent for the colony in England, and was one of the colonial authorities, and a noted merchant. Severe losses in the latter part of his life, had so reduced his large estate, as to cause worryment in their minds, and to increase the natural crabbedness of his wife's temper. This made her turbulent and quarrelsome. She was censured by the church, and soon made herself so odious to her neighbors that they accused her of witchcraft. A jury convicted, but the magistrate refused to accept the verdict; and so the case was carried before the Court, who, yielding to popular clamor—a not unusual occurrence now-a-days—sent the unfortunate woman, then advanced in years, to a barbarous doom.

In 1687-8, four children of John Goodwin, a respectable resident of the North End, were said to be bewitched. They were well educated and amiable children, it is said, the oldest a girl of fourteen. She charged an Irish washerwoman with having stolen some of the clothes. The washerwoman's mother, one of the "unmitigated Irish," was possessed of a bad character, if not of the devil; and having scolded Miss Goodwin severely, the latter fell into fits, together with one of her sisters, and two brothers, who had listened to the old woman's reproaches, and it is most probable were frightened into convulsions—a very natural result if the curses were in Irish.

A great many fabrications and exaggerations were circulated among the credulous community. It was said, as a proof of the diabolical nature of their misfortune, that books of levity and heretical works, such as Popish and Quaker books, they could easily read; while they turned with horror from the regular Protestant Catechism, Oxford's Milk for Babes, a juvenile religious volume, and others of the kind. * * *

The "spiritual mediums" of the present day meet with better treatment than those who were accused of witchcraft in the seventeenth century; but I have no doubt their unfortunate predecessors were quite as guiltless as themselves.—*Evening Ledger*.



SPIRITUAL TELEGRAPH

"Let every man be fully persuaded in his own mind."

S. B. BRITTAN, EDITOR.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JANUARY 17, 1857.

MR. WELLER AND THE NEW CHURCH.

While in Indiana, the writer several times met with Rev. Henry Weller, widely known as the editor and proprietor of the *Crisis*, a spiritual paper published at La Porte. Mr. Weller is an able and progressive minister of the New Church (Swedenborgian), who does not incline to bow down to the "graven images," whether they consist of stereotyped creeds or assume the form of ecclesiastical councils. Of course he is not popular with the "chief priests and rulers" who are earnestly striving to clothe themselves with

"—a little brief authority,"

professedly for the Lord's sake. They devoutly trust in the Lord, through the Convention; while Mr. Weller, in following the Lord, depends on his own legs (his understanding according to our system of correspondences) instead of mounting the Convention hobby. Our friend was born and educated in England, where the better class of people think it no crime to stand and walk, and walking alone—in the sense here implied—instead of riding or being carried, serves to invigorate the mind as well as the body. We are pleased to know that the editor of the *Crisis* has not lost all faith in the capacities of human nature for further improvement, and that he rejects the monstrous assumption that the Divine order has been subverted in the earth, and the government of this world resigned into the hands of capricious and infernal demons.

It is hardly necessary to add, that this individual freedom and personal responsibility, with so much reason and liberality, is deemed to be heretical and dangerous; and I regret to learn that in attempting to resist the strong influence and liberal tendencies of Mr. Weller's views and labors—and the similar opinions and efforts of those who sympathize with him—his brethren have left without a proper solution the chief questions on which the contending parties are divided, and have aimed their shafts at the man. This is the last resort of weak, cowardly and malicious disputants, after which, if they continue the contest it must be at their own cost, and with the unwelcome prospect of ultimate mortification and defeat. As our friend of the *Crisis* possesses a lively temperament, a somewhat humorous disposition and excellent powers of digestion, he will not be likely to lose any sleep, nor be tempted to leave his dinner to prepare for the battle.

The writer would be most happy to make a direct application of these complimentary remarks to New Churchmen in general, but is restrained by a due respect for the truth. Many of the members of that sect seem to look from their ideal heights, with undisguised contempt, on the common humanity. All subordinate spheres of development to their own, or inferior planes of thought and action, are deemed to be out of true order, false and ungodly, as if the Lord had nothing to do with neophytes, and no hand in the incipient developments of his own creation. Not unfrequently do they manifest a highly supercilious and dogmatic spirit, alike incompatible with true religion and a rational philosophy. Having adopted Swedenborg as a final authority, whose oracular dicta must determine all controversies, they have little or no idea of forming an independent judgment of their own. All the other things not dreamed of in "Horatio's philosophy," being included in the more comprehensive philosophy of their own great master, they have nothing to do but ascertain and accept what he taught. The whole business of philosophizing on religious and spiritual subjects is finished, except so far as a further elucidation of obscure points may yet be necessary to clear away the fog that still overhangs the mountain heights and crystal streams of Divine thought and celestial life, as revealed through Emanuel Swedenborg.

It avails nothing that New Churchmen are reminded that no two men ever had the same experience in this world, or are likely to experience the same in the world to come. What Swedenborg saw and heard must nevertheless be substantially, perhaps

equally true with respect to all others. Every other man's experience must, therefore, be tried by this man's; and the living inspirations of other minds and of all ages are to be accepted or rejected in proportion as they agree with, or differ from, this arbitrary, individual standard. Swedenborg was doubtless a great light, chiefly because he had a living and most significant spiritual experience. But many of his followers make a great mistake in being satisfied with a mere verbal or technical understanding of what he observed and recorded without expecting, or so much as desiring, an experimental acquaintance and intercourse with the Spirit World. Whoever has attentively studied the writings of the great Seer without becoming an idolater, has doubtless made a profitable use of his time; but since so many have lost the lines of their individuality and become mere echoes of their master's voice, it is not strange that practical men, who feel the full force of the "first law of nature," instinctively shrink from incurring so great a hazard.

MORE FRUITS OF INSANITY.

The rise and progress of Spiritualism seems to have produced one remarkable effect on a large class of unbelievers whose business is writing for the secular Press. Not a few of the number seem to be afflicted with a softening of the brain. Whenever a person has the temerity to acknowledge a belief in the occurrence of undeniable facts, confirmed by personal observation and experience, it is said that there is some illusion of the senses or hallucination of the mind. If the believer be young, it is owing to inexperience; if advanced in years, he or she is suffering from a decay of the faculties; if the person be uneducated, his faith is ascribed to ignorance; if very wise, much learning has made him mad.

The following paragraph from the Philadelphia *Sunday Mercury*, brings to our notice another illustration of the incorrigible stupidity to which we refer:

ANOTHER VICTIM OF SPIRITUALISM.—One of our exchanges says of Lola Montes that "her mind is impaired by Spiritualism," and immediately adds, as if in proof of this assertion, that she attended on those who were dangerously ill with the cholera on board of the steamer in which she came to New York, took under her charge two orphan children, and while on the Isthmus showed great kindness to an invalid boy. As the previous life of this lady is supposed not to have reflected much glory on her sex and human nature in general, perhaps her craziness (if the above-mentioned acts are its symptoms) will gain more credit for her than the deeds she has performed in her days of sanity. It is a pity that more people are not visited with a monomania for attending the sick and relieving the fatherless.

The *Mercury* takes a proper view of the subject, and the deeds said to have been performed by Madame Lola Montes, would have reflected unusual honors on several saints had they attended to the same. The Church is prone to glorify itself whenever it succeeds in converting "a sinner from the error of his way;" and if fruits meet for repentance are subsequently brought forth, no one doubts the sincerity of the conversion. But when these or other good results are produced through the agencies of Spiritualism, why, then, visiting the sick and protecting fatherless and motherless children are only evidences that the "mind is impaired," or, perhaps, that the devil is in the people.

Saving by a Failure.

A CLASS of mental phenomena heretofore generally denominated *premonitions*, but known among our readers as *spiritual impressions*, are becoming very frequent in these days. The following example, from the experience of a Methodist clergyman, proves that he was an imperfect impressional medium. He could not preach, but had a vague impression that he must hurry home. Had he been a better medium, the Spirit might have impressed him with the precise nature of the cause of his failure—might have distinctly informed him that his house was on fire. Had the clergy generally made as much by their pulpit failures, the profession would doubtless have acquired an independence before this time. But here is the fact:

LUCKY PREMONITION.—At Stillwater, Minnesota, Rev. A. G. Nelson, Methodist minister, broke down in his Sunday morning sermon, and was so confounded by the unaccountable and awkward dilemma that he summarily dismissed his congregation and ran home. He got there just in time to save his house from destruction by fire, which was well under way.

The Reader's attention is respectfully called to our advertisement of Lighte, Newton and Bradbury's Piano-Fortes, which will be found on our second advertising page. Those of our friends who may be in want of an elegant and fine-toned Piano, should by no means neglect to call on the Agent and examine the instruments before purchasing elsewhere.

POETRY FROM A SPIRIT.

DURING a few days recently spent in Rockford, Ill., the writer found very kind and true friends in Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Young and other members of their household. It is but a few years since the family came to America from Scotland. Finding themselves in a new country and measurably free from the rigid restraints to which they had formerly been subjected, and being, nevertheless, naturally disposed to the investigation of religious and philosophical subjects, they soon became interested in Spiritualism, and at length believers in its facts and philosophy. Mrs. Young also became a medium, and was first influenced to speak and write about one year since. She had, however, never written a line of poetry until the fifth of last August, when an inspired communication, in irregular verse, and entitled "The Breath of Life" was unexpectedly breathed into her consciousness. It suddenly stole into and through her mind, leaving only a vague impression of something beautiful, but seemingly no more to be recalled save as some strain of sweet and solemn music awakens mysterious echoes in the halls of Memory. During the inspiring process, Mrs. Young felt as if all her nerves were vibrating in unison with the poetic influx, and the blood seemed to course through the arteries with a kind of rhythmical flow.

One morning, while the writer was in Rockford, some inspiring agent influenced Mrs. Young so strongly that she was obliged to leave her domestic affairs and occupy a seat at the table, when some lines, addressed to a person present, were immediately written. The ideas, sentiment and imagery all exhibited poetic feeling, but the versification was defective. Some days after, a copy of the lines was placed in the hands of another Medium, when it was said that the Spirit who inspired the Poem was present, and that the author, without materially modifying the original conception, would endeavor to give it a more artistic form. It was then re-written in the form in which it is herewith presented to the reader. Ed.

INSCRIBED TO ————
BY A SPIRIT FRIEND.

When life was young, and love, and hope, and gladness

Brimmed with delight thy bosom, peerless Beauty

Dropped down from Heaven into thy open heart,

And with her magic power unsealed the fountains,

Whose gushing streams are ever welling up

From the unmeasured depths of thy pure soul.

But years unfolded Manhood's perfect form;

Then Love's sweet ties were knit within the soul,

And Guardian Angels kept the nuptial bower.

Truth wedded Beauty; and around his heart

Twined the fair tendrils that had made them one;

And fairy flowerets round that glorious twain—

Sweet buds of Hymen—clustered in thy path,

Filling thy heart with beauty and with fragrance.

Fountains of new existence opened then,

And hoary Time, with sainted look, passed on,

Silently noting every sweetest flower,

That opened from its budding into bloom,

Until their varied blushing warmed the light,

And their sweet breath, fragrant with new affections,

Were blent with thine, in perfect harmony.

Wisdom sat, kingly, on a throne of light,

And o'er thy spirit showered the golden rays—

Quick emanations of the Past and Present

Merged in the glory of the YER-TO-BE.

He bade thee scatter, then, athwart the earth

The precious seed, whose flower was in thy bosom,

Blooming and ripening fruit.

Speed on undaunted;

For the fair stars that glitter on thy brow,

And make it now so beautiful, shall pale

As in the brightness of a rising sun,

Whence thou shalt pour out streams of living glory,

To penetrate the thickest shade of darkness

That hangs around the stagnant pools of Death,

Rank with corruption and decay of Ages.

Light in salubrious streams shall visit them,

Until the sluggish waters, flowing forth,

Shall spread their silvery bosom to the bark,

Which, o'er their quick, regenerating tide,

Bears the freed Soul to Heaven.

And men shall bless thee,

And from the power of thy majestic spirit,

Drink the aroma that inspires new life.

And when Old Age o'ertakes thee on thy journey,

And thy corporeal frame hath done its work,

A bower of heavenly rest shall ope for thee,

Twined with perennial virtues—gemmed with stars,

In whose eternal light the coming Ages

Shall walk with truer truth, until they share

The deathless Youth that opens in thy soul.

SPIRIT PERSONATIONS.

MISS MILDRED COLE, medium, 485 Sixth Avenue, was at my house, Friday evening, second of January. In five or ten minutes after we took seats at the table, she became entranced. No contact was formed by putting hands on the table or otherwise. The medium was soon influenced to personate the sickness and death of our son, by scarlet fever and sore throat. In doing so, she put her hands on her face and said, "red and hot;" then on her head and said, "It aches, put ice and cold cloths on it;" then placing her hand on her throat, she said, "very large and sore." She afterward placed her finger in her mouth and throat, and gagged herself; this last movement represented the process of swabbing the child's throat. All the other things done and said were true representations of what transpired. The Medium spoke his name, *Charley*, and when his little brother Charles entered the room, she called him to her, embraced and kissed him, and also a little sister, as a brother long absent would naturally do. The Medium pointed up stairs and said, "Mother is sick; I want to go up;" accordingly, we did so, and the Medium was influenced to embrace Mrs. P., as a loving child would naturally embrace its mother. The Medium said, "They put one little Charley in a coffin, and then in the ground; the other Charley is up here; I see it all."

Mrs. McBriar, a lady whom the Medium never saw, being present, she turned to her, and said, "James McBriar is here." This was her husband's brother; afterward, the Spirit sent for her husband and father-in-law, who subsequently claimed to be present and to communicate. The name of each was given, and some of their imperfect characteristics were represented. The Spirit of her husband was asked if he had seen his daughter. He said, "Yes." He was asked, where is she? The Medium pointed down, and then commenced fingering the table as if it were a piano. The daughter was on the floor below, playing the piano at the time. He was asked her age, whereupon the Medium gave it by counting her fingers—16 years and four months—which was correct. These Spirits were sent for in the following manner: The Medium wrote with her fingers on her hand, and apparently sent it out, and soon she read a reply (as she said) on her hand, that they would come soon. C. P.

Spiritualists' Relief Association.

We are happy to state that the Spiritualists' Relief Association that was formed in this city some weeks ago, is in successful operation, and doing much good. Its objects are to collect funds, visit, comfort, and relieve the sick, and to administer to the necessities of the worthy destitute especially among Spiritualists, assisting those who have nothing to do, and who are able to work, to remunerative employment, etc. A considerable number of cases demanding the interposition of practical fraternal kindness, have been sought out and have received such attention as the resources of the Association would afford. A movement of this kind can not fail to have the best wishes of the benevolent, and doubtless there are many of the friends of humanity in our city who would be willing to appropriate their influence and their spare funds in behalf of an enterprise of this kind, if they knew more of its nature and practical workings. For the information of such we would say that the Association consists of those who choose to enrol their names on the list of members, and contribute either time or money to the objects of the society; and any one may join the movement by sending their address to any one of the officers or executive committee of the society, and indicating the department in which they wish to labor. *President*, Daniel G. Taylor, No. 145 West 16th st.; *Secretary*, Cyrus F. Knapp, 78 East 16th st.; *Treasurer*, George H. Jones, 71 East 13th st.

Spiritual Investigations in Waverley Place.

MRS. CORA M. BROWN, of New York, and MISS SARAH MIDDLEBROOK, recently from Bridgeport, Conn., have commenced holding spiritual circles at No. 106 Waverly Place, in this city. Mrs. Brown, though not generally known to the public, is an interesting medium, and Miss M., from early childhood, has been accompanied with that phase of the manifestations known as the Rappings. Those who desire to investigate the phenomena of Spiritualism may realize their wishes by a few interviews with these mediums, who will hereafter receive visitors throughout each succeeding day and evening.

To the Press.

You will promote the object of the Investigating Class by publishing the "Questions for Elucidation" on the outside page of this paper, and informing your readers of the plan, and extending to them the invitation to contribute their facts and conclusions (in a brief form) respecting any one or all the questions.

MR. REDMAN will fulfill his engagement at Buffalo, first of February after which he will return to the city, permanently.

THE INVESTIGATING CLASS.

THE recently established circle of investigators convened as usual at the house of Charles Partridge, 26 West Fifteenth-street, on Wednesday evening of last week, the question for the evening being,

"Is there a God? and if so, What are his attributes, and what the mode of the Divine Existence?"

William Fishbough first spoke to the question, and his remarks may be epitomized as follows:

This question is one which should be approached with the utmost seriousness, as it is one whose solution more deeply involves our temporal and spiritual welfare than any other.

FACTS.—A few of the facts bearing upon this subject are as follows: Creation is progressive. Whether our observations are confined to this earth, or extended to the sidereal heavens, we see forms in all stages of development, from chaos to apparent maturity. (Nebulous stars, and the immature yet apparently maturing conditions of certain starry clusters, were described and particularly referred to as illustrations.) All stellar systems are so bound together as to form one general System, which exhibits a general analogy to each of its sub-systems; and as the latter are seen, from their various stages of development, to be plainly *not eternal*, the universe as a whole is not eternal, but must have had an origin and a Cause. That Cause must have contained within itself all subsequent effects, or it would not have been adequate to evolve them into external being; and as man, being the ultimate of creation, is generally conceded to epitomize in himself all these, it follows that it contained man—that it therefore essentially *was* Man, whatever else it may have been. Moreover as this Cause, through however many prior causes the imagination may hypothetically trace it, must finally be traced to a *First* cause in order to be entitled to the name of a CAUSE in an *absolutely proper* sense, and as the *First* Cause must of necessity be absolutely *uncaused*, and therefore self-existent, and therefore eternal and infinite, in all its parts and attributes, the *Manhood* which it must have embraced, must have been an eternal and infinite manhood—the *Father* of whom *created* man is the *child*. This Cause—this infinite, uncreated manhood—I call God, and submit this as an *affirmative* answer to the *first* branch of the question.

ATTRIBUTES.—These are all the attributes—all the consciousnesses, loves, intelligences and powers—of absolutely perfect and holy manhood, in an *infinite degree*, whatever they may be beside.

MODE OF EXISTENCE.—Being infinite, he is immanent in all things, from greatest to smallest, constituting their inmost life. No sentient being, however insignificant, can be beyond the sphere of that Love which is *infinite*; no existence, be it a universe or an atom, can be beyond the cognizance of that intelligence which is *boundless*, and no creation, be it the totality of universes and heavens, or an animalcule or infinitesimal particle of matter, can be beyond the sphere of that infinite, eternally operative and controlling Power which is over all, through all, and in all. Thus while the heaven and the heaven of heavens can not contain him, he dwelleth with him who is of an humble and contrite spirit, sympathizes with all the innocent emotions of the humblest little child, and overrules smallest and greatest things by his divine Providence.

W. S. Courtney read the following paper:

All the conceptions I can form of God, are Finite and Relative, and of course inadequate. I can form no conception of the Absolute and the Infinite. As all my ideas are Relative, they are forever beyond my comprehension. The terms, taken in their philosophic sense, are but mere subterfuges for our ignorance and vanity. Man has ever created God in his own image. The idea of God, of the most refined, imaginative and expanded intellect, is an abstraction; and though it embodies his grandest conception of Deity, it is still an Ideal or Idol, and finite and relative. All the Gods that ever were, or ever will be, thus projected by the human mind and heart, are Idols, and their worship Idolatry. They are, however, the forecast shadows of that individual's own destiny—an aspiration after, and an effort to comprehend, his own great Manhood. The Ideal always preceeds the Actual, and is its prophecy. That Ideal is truly *within* him, and finds its modified or actual realization in the *self* of the future. When he attains it he is ashamed of it, and inconspicuously breaks the Image in pieces, tramples it under foot, and ideally embodies his *own* still more perfect destiny in another; and so on, until he is completely harmonized and individualized by a true conjugal union, when he finds the "sole God of his Idolatry" in his conjugal partner. These conjugal unions, are the omnific genesis of all things, and each Individual's realization of the true Godhead. The Gods, Religions and Worships of his past, are the

Gods, Religions and Worships of his inharmony and incompleteness—the toys and baubles of his childish years, and only forshadowings and prophecies of his own Creative Divinity and Harmony. This is equally the case with the Theist, who, without embodying his conception in an abstract imaginative God, rests his idea upon an historical personage, and deifies the man of history.

Neither can I conceive a *First* Cause, or a Cause Uncaused. It is a contradiction in fact and in terms—mere subterfuges for our theological pride and vanity. Neither will my mind let me fix a Beginning, or an Ending. It is like thinking forward or backward on a straight line. When I stop thinking, there is an end, but not *the* end. I have still the power of continuity or addability, but the line stops when I stop thinking. All I am conscious of, is a power of continuous addability, which never can rise to the Infinite. By abstracting time and space, and putting in their stead, *states and their changes*, I do not rid myself of the difficulty. I get nothing *but* states and their changes, and cannot grasp the *first* state and its change. There are still more states and their changes. They stop when I stop thinking of them, just as the line stopped when I did. The idea of a First or a Final Cause, viewed temporary or spatially, or viewed in states and their changes, is equally a contradiction in terms and in fact, and utterly illogical and inadmissible.

It is said that Man has an innate sense or intuition of the existence or being of a God. These innate senses, I find, are very unsafe grounds to stand upon. I do not find such a sense in myself. In former years I thought I did, but I now see and feel, that that supposed instinct of Deity was but a perverted manifestation of another harmonial Sentiment or Love. If Man has an innate sense of Deity, why has he not also an innate sense of Who and What that Deity is? To endow him with an abstract instinct of Deity, and leave him to conjecture who and what he is, and thus crowd the world with Idols and drench its fields, from immemorial time, with the blood of theological and religious wars, seems to me the veriest trifling. Men never can, and never will, agree upon who and what God is, while Individuality is a law of things. The only way to attain a unanimous verdict upon that subject, is to merge all human Individualities into one Big Man.

The phenomena of Worship, the Devotional Instinct, it is said, proves an object of adoration, or a God to worship and adore. I do not see that it does so, any more than the miser's love and worship of gold, proves a Golden God. Both are equally the manifestations of a misconceived and perverted fundamental relation and sentiment of the Human Soul. I will explain my meaning. A man or a woman is but half Individualized until he or she is profoundly united to his or her true conjugal partner. An all-potent and essential law of their destiny is, that they should be fully and completely Individualized. While they are not conjugally married, and thus but half Individualized, they are evermore oppressed with a deep and overwhelming sense of lack and destitution. A craving and substantial need of their nature is unsatisfied. The law is imperative, and they ignorantly seek to supply this lack, by all mistaken and illegitimate ways and means. Accordingly, this abiding sense of lack develops itself in the worship and adoration of an Ideal. All unconjugal, and therefore unindividualized, men and women, are overcome with this sense of lack, and they fly to Churches, to Creeds, to Priests and Bishops and Gods for soul-rest, as so many cities of Refuge from the pursuing vengeance of the Individualizing law. This serene soul-rest—this fullness of beatitude, glory and peace, which they so incessantly seek, is but a sighing for and longing after the conjugal partner—but a seeking after full Individuality or Integral Manhood. The phenomena of Worship, therefore, now and in all times past, are but *bogus* manifestations of Conjugal Love—the inevitable results of our inharmony and imperfection, or which is the same thing, of our want and need of full and complete Individualization. This seems to me to be the plain Anglo Saxon fact.

The lust of dominion, the lust of Gold, the lust of fame, and whatsoever other way men seek their great good, their great Manhood and Godhead, their fullness of Peace and Harmony, or in other words, their complete Individuality, are alike but *spurious* manifestations of this fundamental Relation and Love, and are lived, perpetrated and acted in *fraud* of the Individualizing Law. If man has an inherent instinct of Worship and of God, why has he not also an instinct of Dominion, an instinct of Gold, and an instinct of Fame? If Worship proves an in-

instinct of Deity, I do not see why his love of Dominion, his love of Gold, and his love of Fame—the developments of which in the World's history, and in the Individual, have been as marked, stupendous and universal as Worship—should not also prove their inherent instincts; whereas we all admit that they are somehow disorderly and illegitimate manifestations of Integral Manhood. Equally with Worship, they are the phantom cities of Refuge for the flying victims of the avenging law of Individuality and Destiny, and when attained are but psychological security. Real Peace and the serenity of Harmony are not there. They lie still beyond. They essentially reside and inhere in the true conjugal Duality of Human Souls, the central love and Relation which, when attained, repudiates and ignores these aberrant outflows of his imperfect Manhood, and merges and subordinates all minor states and feelings in this Unitary Divine Love. From that celestial stand-point of our Integral Manhood, we may look back upon our former lust of Worship, lust of Gold and lust of Fame, as the *debaucheries and adulteries* of our immature and misdirected lives. Our central need unattained and ungratified, expressed itself in these unlawful ways.

The Intelligent Unity of Design and Harmony displayed in the Creation, so far as we see and know it, it is said, testifies of a Unitary and Intelligent Cause. I am not inappreciative of the full force of this argument. But it does not prove a *First or Only Cause*. I see all things on this globe (with which I am better acquainted than with the planetary and astral bodies) uniting in Man. All things go upward toward and unite in Him. Moreover, all things below Him bear a nearer or remoter relation to Him. They are types of Him, or seem stamped with his signature. Their underlying law and intrinsic purpose is to Individualize Man. Hence all below is but unindividualized Man, that is to say, Man in Principle; and all above Him, Man partially and fully individualized. The Universe, therefore, is grandly Human—is essential Man. He is the real *substratum*, and the phenomenality of all things. This being the case, I do not see why the Universe, so far as we see and know it, should not be the offspring of a transcendently progressed and harmonized conjugal Twain—a Man (*Homo*) as great, creative, powerful and wise, as we now conceive God to be. All that we can draw from the Universe, as far as we know it, is Man; All that it *proves* is Man. It is Man. We can not get outside of Man whithersoever we turn; there is nothing *but* Man, and I find no warrant for going beyond, postulating and superposing a distinct and solitary being called God. The display of Harmony and Unity of Design in the Creation, therefore, corroborates the above showing. Its origin is Unitary, and it of course leaves the family mark upon it, in all the stages of its growth and progress. There is nothing beyond or outside of Man, truly speaking. The entire realm of Nature, the Universe of time and space, and the Universe of states, and their changes, are involved in his proper subjectivity. Not only every mineral, every vegetable and every animal existence; not only every star, wandering or fixed, and every sun and every system of suns, but whatsoever the Heavens and the Heaven of Heavens embosom, are contained in Man, and draw their nutriment from the paps of his great destiny!

Dr. Curtis submitted the following paper:

Next to the conviction of our own existence, there is none of deeper importance than that of the existence of God. The first of these begins with and is involved in our instincts; the second, from its earliest acceptance, forms our inmost emotional and intellectual link with the moral and, in fact, the physical universe, being, indeed, the corner-stone of all our theories of the philosophy of life and its issues.

A correct idea, therefore, of this cardinal subject, may be said to represent the grand center toward which all our facts and our conceptions, not only of theology but of science, not alone of metaphysical speculation but of practical life, continually tend, and around which they are either arranged in beauty and order, or scattered in chaos and deformity. The duty, then, of every one thoroughly awake to the dignity of a human destiny, is manifestly to investigate this great theme with that candor, earnestness and calmness, necessary to conclusions on which rest his claims to philosophic sanity, his true pursuit of happiness here and his faith in the life to come. He only who thinks right on this subject, can be said to be initiated into the mysteries of a true religion. Piety, zeal, devotion, sacrifice, lend luster to the devotee; but the history of the past and the jarring creeds of the present, show that these virtues do not necessarily guarantee the truth of his opinions.

Unfortunately, most earnest minds have found the very portal of this investigation obstructed by "dwellers of the threshold," who clamorously invoke the name of order, of reverence and the sanctities of church and society, to suppress rising inquiry and to remand the living thinker back to that intellectually stifling atmosphere wherein nothing reaches him of the invigorating truth beyond, but stunted thought rendered still less adequate to his want by its transmission through such distorting medium. Despite of its respect for external authority, no greatly sincere mind can ultimately refrain, however, from examining this subject in that sanctuary of its thought to which mere external tribunals are always privately amenable, and the verdicts of which regard only truth and a fearless conscience.

In stating his conviction on the question, Is there a God? it behooves every man, deporting himself as one born in a Divine image, to forbear returning a babbling, hasty, rote-learned answer, and to ask what are we to understand by this term. Let us first define what we mean by the name God, since without such a preliminary step, the reply, whether affirmative or negative, seems equally valueless as the index of a rational and intelligent faith.

The appellative "God" has been used to designate either the sum total of all the things or entities (whether material or spiritual) constituting the universe, or, again, the principle of life which actuates them, or thirdly, a supreme, spiritual personality—in short, it has been applied variously, to matter, life and cause.

To these three heads are referable, as far as I know, all the different views material to the primary criticism of the subject. I say primary criticism, because, in disposing of these tenets, we become prepared for an ulterior examination of the true purport and relation of this conception.

The first of these doctrines which, as we all know, is called Pantheism, is evidently a mere verbal solution of the investigation, being, to speak more correctly, a philosophic misnomer, or simple perversion of language.

The Pantheistic idea ignores, in fact, the whole inquiry, stopping it precipitately short by a misapplication of the language symbol by which it is denoted. Substantially, the Pantheist says, Are you seeking for God?—let us agree to call the earth God."

The notion of identifying God with the universal principle of life, or the *anima mundi*, as it has well been called, is indeed only a modification or refinement of the Pantheistic thought, and is subject to the same objection, viz., that it evades the real issue, which is not a question as to the existence of nature or a vital principle, since these no one virtually denies, but it is a study of the evidences of some existence in the universe, beside, over and above, or transcending these—in fine, it is a study not of a word but of an idea.

Hence, practically judged, Pantheism has always been considered tantamount to Atheism, the common sense of the race, holding rightly, that to see no God except matter and its forces, is, in fact, to see no God at all.

We come, then, to regard the third, and by far the most important of the current ideas on this subject, to wit, the belief in a personal God.

To explore it properly we can not too carefully define this faith. It asserts, to state it briefly, the existence of an omnipotent, omniscient and omnipresent Person.

Our cardinal inquiry obviously concerns first, the fact of such a personality, since without a proof of it, omnipotence, omniscience and omnipresence are mere abstractions, and all exhibitions of powers, knowledge and pervading life or being, reveal nothing beyond nature and ourselves.

We are occupied, then, in a search for a person, not myself, nor yourself, nor, as it would appear, for the self of our neighbor, but for the vestiges and evidences of that person nominated in this mode of belief.

Now person or personality is cognizable only in two ways, either without, through the senses, or within, through the intuitions. It is solely by means of the external senses I become informed of your personality, and you learn mine in the same manner. I am indebted for this information purely to sight, touch and other sensuous organs. Furthermore, Spirits or ghostly persons are apprehended by seers or prophets in the same manner, viz., by a sensuous revelation and as outer objects, the merely phenomenal relation as to seer and Spirit differing in no respect from a natural observation. Hence it does not help the solution one jot to refer to the testimony of Moses, Plato or

Swedenborg, since it is not a question of historic verity nor of special private experience, but of the conditions under which these become possible.

The believers of this faith do not pretend to have seen this omnipresent God, and it is unnecessary to multiply proof that he is no object of the five senses; if, therefore, revealed at all, he must be revealed through the intuition or interior perception.

Let us, then, examine the theater of the mind.

It is a common remark of pious and excellent people, when pressed to explain this phase of Theism, that they feel within them the evidences of its truth, and they think one irreverent who persists in asking for an analysis of such testimony. But let us, as graver and more earnest students, remember that we are not seeking for an emotion, but for a person. We would know whether there be any subjective or interior revelation of a person.

Now every one's observation discloses the fact, that he has a purely private or intuitive perception of one person, and that is of himself—a personality affirmed, not from the study of its hands, feet, trunk, members and other external property, but, independently of these, by a central, spontaneous judgment, the record of which is, simply, "I am." The affirmation, I, completely, exhausts this revelation of person; if it unfolded also some other personality, it would give rise to the idea of two selves or two I-hoods, whereas we know, as a matter-of-fact, only one is reported.

We have failed, then, to find the evidences of such a personal God, either within or without us. If such an one exists, this existence is incapable of proof, by the only modes by which personality can be tested, and must, therefore, be regarded as a sheer hypothesis.

Notwithstanding this demonstration appears in all points complete, I shall pause a moment to consider a collateral argument often adduced to sustain this commonest of all theories of Deism, derived from the thought of the necessity of a Creator. This is the most specious proof employed by Paley and other defenders of this, in reality, vicious and paganistic idea of natural theology. Now I shall not examine their argument in its subordinate details, because they are too extensive for present purposes, but I shall treat this hypothetical fetish by an application to it of the very problem it is introduced to solve.

Its devotees say, we are unable to account for the creation of man, therefore we are compelled to ascribe his origin to such a Creator. But, it is fairly asked, who made your Creator?—the answer is, he always was.

The world, says some ancient student, would fall without some support. Well, replies the philosopher, it rests on an elephant. What sustains the elephant? rejoins his curious friend. The elephant stands on a tortoise, boldly asserts the other. But what bears up the tortoise? says the rationalist. Such theologian and such naturalist are in the same predicament. Now this removal of venue (to borrow a legal phrase) can never satisfy any intelligent mind. It does not require ingenious or intimidating evasion, but either a glimpse of the truth, or an honest confession of ignorance.

Undoubtedly there is no profounder study than the genesis of man and of the organic universe; but such study will never discover an authentication, either in written revelation or in science, of such a chimera as this universally diffused, overbrooding, chaotic personality—a faith which deforms so many otherwise enlightened and harmonious minds. It is self-evident that the advocates of this divinity assert for him, prior to the display of the function of Creator and as the *apanage* or attributes of fate, all the essentials they are trying to account for the existence of in man; they assert consciousness, perception, design or purpose, and a free, executive faculty, in a word, the highest characteristics of will and understanding. He becomes utterly useless, then, as an hypothesis for the origin of these endowments.

No creatorship is conceivable without the pre-existence of these primal conditions. The wide acceptance of this faith proves nothing. Everybody knows that before the time of Copernicus, belief in the physical systems of Ptolemy and Tycho Brahe was almost universal.

I pass over this collateral topic of creation, merely with the remark that my object is far from maintaining the non-existence of a designer, as well as design, in the organic world, but to show that these do not imply, far less demonstrate, the ideal being here spoken of.

We can not, therefore, ascribe God either to nature, life or prescriptive fate. Humanity has never found its Providence in these, and it never will. It is only in its rudest infancy it bows

down to Nature; it is only while self-unconscious it lives in that self-abasement of supposing itself fatally alienated from the type of a supreme life. In its deepest and serenest intuition, it recognized that type in its own incarnation. It recognized that highest truth that *there is no divinity but a divine humanity*. It found itself, and that self was Christ.

This royal faith has existed from early times. The tender Hindoo, the æsthetic Greek and the mystic Egyptian felt this. The sacred Vedas taught this fact. The whole mythology of Greece is luminous with the absolute identification of God and man.

In the popular teachings of the Christian religion, this truth is less obvious. The crude and fatal thought of an all-diffused, invisible, conscious fétich, though not justified by its doctrines, still defiles much of its philosophy. It is immutably true that Christ and this fétich are irreconcilable facts. It is impossible to fuse their divinity. The Unitarian escapes by dropping Christ out of God. The Trinitarian stoutly professes to believe him divine, but feeling the impossibility, while tainted with fétichism, of investing him with any but an hereditary or derivative God-head, both of which are necessarily heresies, shields himself in the subterfuge that the problem is inexplicable and its study impious. His eye is not single, and his body is thence full of darkness. Did any Greek ever thus dishonor Jove? But, in fact, the whole scheme of that human thought, God, is ultimated in Christ. He is a divine person. Christ is not alone Jesus—all those great incarnations or avatars, known to history, are Christs, are God, in concrete. They were men, they are God.

The study of Christ is, in fact, the study of religion; it is the study of that long, heroic history, by which man has emerged from the life of his animal nature, from his merely natural or bestial origin, and become the type of freedom and the Lord of all.

His apotheosis is inaugurated by the subjugation of his physical organism, to the dominion of his will. The natural, or as the Church calls him, the carnal man, ceases to be his peer. His will holds the forces of nature in check, and invests the vital equilibrium with its subtle providence.

I forbear to lengthen this paper by pursuing further this noblest of topics; the scientific aspect of Christ dawns but dimly upon us, and is yet to be unfolded. His conquest is the triumph of human supremacy; his failure, the signal for the predominance of spontaneous over voluntary life, the gradual accession of chaos and the evolution and appearance of a new organic type, superseding humanity.

After the reading and consideration of the above papers, Mrs. Dr. Hatch was entranced by a Spirit, the substance of whose remarks were as follows:

In approaching the temple of Thought, the temple of the Universe, fashioned by some divine Architect, outwrought by some Divine Principle, and controlled and governed by some Divine Law, the Idea of that Divinity, that Principle, that Law and that Temple, being the result of our investigation, our thought of the Universe Without and the Universe Within, we ask the question, Is there a God within the comprehension of the finite mind? In the human soul resides the power of investigating, classifying and understanding all without and below its plane. When it investigates and analyzes a single drop of water, it has analyzed a whole ocean. When it has analyzed a grain of sand, it has analyzed a whole sea-shore, a mountain or a desert. When it thoroughly analyzes a single particle, it understands the whole of matter. Thus it can analyze, classify and arrange all the forms and existences in external Nature below it; but it can have but dim and inadequate conceptions of what is within and above its plane. Consequently God is not such a being as the human mind can grasp or comprehend; all that is below man is concentrated, perfected and crystallized in Man, who comprehends our highest representation of Deity. Nevertheless our consciousness informs us that there is something more above and beyond us. Who or what He is it is not given us to know; nothing can be conceived of but that it is. It is the controlling and governing energy of all things. Like one of old, although we can not say who or what God is, we can yet say what he is not, and we are only left to imagine what he is. God is everything which we can ever be in our perpetually unfolding life. We are the drops of which He is the great and Eternal Ocean. We know nothing of Deity save what is manifested in ourselves and external Nature. Our idea, which is simple, is that Mind and Matter are coeval. We can give no separate existence to either. Every manifestation or change in the external world is the inspiration of the vitalizing sun issuing from the great I AM.

The crystallizations or forms of this vitalizing inspiration—a record of perpetual and universal change—are all we know definitely of God. We can not affirm anything beyond save that it is, and this is the boundary of our knowledge.

It was asked: Has any man ever seen God objectively? To which the Spirit replied, "Nothing is seen objectively except what is below us. No man has seen God except as He is manifested in the forms of being, and most of all in Jesus of Nazareth."

Question by Dr. Curtis: What proof have we of the existence of such a Deity as the Theists suppose, and as the Spirit through Mrs. Hatch seems to imply? To which it was answered:

Every human being knows that he was not the source and cause of his own existence, and that the Omnipresent Mind and Universal Love are manifested in various degrees in all forms of being.

Mr. Fishbough then asked, Do or do you not perceive that there is an idea of Infinity in the Mind as a logical necessity? To which it was answered, "If the soul is infused with the Infinite Life, it must have some conception of the Infinite, though vague. It has such a conception though incomprehensible. Only Omniscience can comprehend it."

A lady inquired whether that Deity contained three distinct persons? Answer: "Yes; and as many more as you may be pleased to include, or one alone, for one comprehends all." The question was further discussed by Dr. Curtis, Mr. Fishbough, Mr. Courtney, Mr. Brittan, Dr. Weiss and others, and then continued over until the next meeting.

FROM CORRESPONDENTS.

Assuming that the questioner means to inquire of the existence of an omnipotent, omniscient, omnipresent personage or being, the answer is No. Because,

1. To us nothing can exist not demonstrable by our senses. As these are finite, their evidence must be finite. Hence their concurrence in the existence of any personage or being is conclusive evidence of his finiteness.

2. All our conceptions, intuitions and deductions, are based on the aggregated experiences of the senses, and are equally finite, though perhaps not as contracted. Hence our highest conceptions, intuitions or deductions, could never span the Being or Personage indicated.

3. If, in attempting to prove the existence of God, we demand a cause for the phenomena seen, we do so from inability to conceive of an uncaused effect. Assuming, however, that every effect must have a cause, we prove too much, as this would establish an infinite chain of cause and effect, instead of an Infinite Being. A God thus made would be finite, because measurable by the power which made him.

4. How shall we comprehend God since no two can agree in their definitions of him? This comes from our disparity of thought. All our ideas of such a Being are but an indefinite expansion of one selfhood. They who worship Him worship their own selfhood expanded.

5. It might be entertaining to many to know the precise use of a God. As science gradually develops man, and man gradually develops science, the seeming necessity for such a being gradually disappears.

Perhaps the questioner, in asking for a description of the Divine nature, felt a sort of hazy doubtfulness of the correctness of his own conception of the use of God, and wished to get those of others to compare with his. When obtained, by what test will each determine the True?

EDITORS TELEGRAPH: ELBA, GENESSEE CO., N. Y. Jan. 3, 1857.

Number three of a series of questions, submitted for elucidation, being next in order, permit me to say that conscious of the fact that I do exist and possess the requisite powers of thought, speech and action, and that as I do not possess the power to take from, or add, one particle to the world of matter, I am necessarily dependent upon some foreign agent for my existence and powers. Moreover, I am so constituted that I can not deny the existence of other persons, with like attributes, and also other things with dissimilar qualities. I do not possess power to control the planetary system, regulate the seasons—

"To stay the storm-king's chariot
Which madly rushes by,
Or robe the earth with verdure
As on a sweet June-day."

And since it is evident that man has delegated to him powers (the power for instance, of formation, as impossible for the brute as creation would be for man), which place him in the same relation to brute creation that God is to man (a consideration which must be admitted to preserve the progressive order of things); since also the brute can neither form nor create, and man is endowed with one of these powers, it appears indispensably necessary that God should possess the other to preserve inviolable progressive order, and constitute him the embodiment of boundless intelligence and power. Conscious, also, of the fact, that a regular system of order pervades mundane things too extensively to be admitted under any other consideration than that of an all-pervading principle of intelligence; and since man is possessed of an inherent principle of devotion to that superior intelligence as constituting the embodiment of all power, wisdom, love, goodness, etc., I am therefore intuitively constrained to admit the existence of a superior being—a God.

"No evil thought can mar his mind,
No wicked deed his way;
His attributes are love and truth—
'Tis their province to obey."

His *modus operandi* of existence I submit for others to elucidate, and without trespassing farther upon your time and patience, I subscribe myself,
Yours, etc.,
LOCKLIN M. WILSON.

Original Communications.

THE SPIRITS AT ST. PAUL.

We thank our correspondent—a part of whose letter will be found below—for communicating his interesting experience, and we shall be pleased to receive statements of such particular examples in illustration of his mediumship as he may hereafter be pleased to communicate to the public through these columns.—E.

ST. PAUL, M. T., December 22, 1856.

Gentlemen—I have received the TELEGRAPH, through the politeness of a friend, for the last two years, which I have read with much satisfaction, and circulated, until the copies were worn out, and feel that I am adding my mite for the promotion of the good cause by ordering an additional copy for the same purpose.

Seeing your continual call for proofs relative to spiritual manifestations, I had determined ere this to have given you some facts, but my labors have been such that I have neglected doing so, up to this time; but hereafter, you will occasionally hear from me. As an evidence of the truth and power of the present spiritual manifestations, I will give you an account of my development and powers as a medium.

I had been a matter-of-fact business man all my life, thoroughly opposed to quackery and all *isms*, up to A. D. 1853, when by the solicitation of a friend, I witnessed some manifestations. I saw they were beyond the control of the medium, and determined to investigate the matter. Instead of attending circles, however, I commenced by experiments upon philosophical principles, and soon found that I was a medium, first for tipping the table, next for writing, then by impression, and finally by volition acting upon the auditory nerve; so that to me, the conversation is audible, and at all times I converse as familiarly as with my earthly friends.

I was then requested to place my hand on a person out of health, and to my surprise, they, (the Spirits) described to me clearly the condition of all the vital organs. I was then requested by my invisible friends to devote my time and energies to this cause of truth, but I refused in positive terms, alleging, as a cause, my business and pecuniary affairs and persisted in my refusal, until I was prostrated by sickness, which medicine, traveling and change of climate would not remove. I still determined to continue my business, until circumstances entirely beyond my control stripped me of all my means, and reduced me to beggary.

I then came to this place determined, if my health was restored, to open a commercial agency, through the aid of Eastern friends; but soon after I came here, I was requested to visit a sick person, which proved to be an extraordinary case, and I treated it with success. From that time my health rapidly improved, as did my practice. I finally abandoned the idea of a commercial agency, and have devoted all my energies to the cause.

My mode of examination is as follows: I have two examiners, a male and female. When I wish to examine a patient, I call mentally, to which I receive a response. The examiner then comes in communication with the hand I use. When the rapport is established it causes a sensation like a light touch from a galvanic battery. I then place my hand upon the head of the patient. In the course of three to ten minutes they say, "I am ready," (having taken that time to test the organs, as they affirm.) I then commence with the brain, and call clearly to mind every organ from that to the foot, and the peculiar condition of each individual organ is told me clearly; and in the treatment of over one thousand cases within the last eighteen months, I have not detected one error in their examination.

I depend almost entirely upon magnetism as a remedial agent, generally applied by them through my hand, which I simply place upon the head of the patient.

If I need counsel I have it at all times, through invisible influence; and the power of healing has been manifested through me to a most astonishing degree.

I may hereafter send you some results of my investigations since I have been a believer in the truths of this glorious cause.

Yours very truly,

Direct to ST. PAUL, M. T.

Lagrange.

A VALUABLE REMEDY.

LIVONIA, LIVINGSTON CO., N. Y., December 22, 1856.

MESSRS. PARTRIDGE AND BRITTAN:

Allow me through the TELEGRAPH to call the attention of those afflicted with lung disease, to Mrs. French's "Lung and Cough Syrup." I have been testing, for a year past, this remedy, and from professional experience can recommend it as altogether superior to any one known remedy. Not like most of the advertised or "patent" medicines which cure or relieve only occasionally, this cures or relieves most cases, and in a very gentle and harmless manner. I take pleasure in recommending it, because it comes in the line of progress, as a specific in small and pleasant doses, curing one disease without creating another, or any morbid symptoms—acting, I doubt not, on the homeopathic principle. Its use, therefore, to the exclusion of the many grosser or injurious remedies afloat in every community, is an important step toward that plane of spiritual elevation in which we may draw our curative influences from the more refined and subtle elements of the superior world. With all of Mrs. F.'s medicines I am not so well acquainted, but can confidently name the "No. 1" as a very valuable remedy for the complaints for which it is recommended.

Yours in behalf of medical and spiritual progress,

J. M. BLAKELY, M.D.

Interesting Miscellany.

ART OF HAPPY DAILY LIFE.

There is a singular inaptitude of means to ends, which prevails generally throughout the human aids and appliances for living. I mean dress, houses, equipages, and household furniture. The result is, I believe, that more than half of what we do to procure good is needless or mischievous; in fact, that more than half of the labor and capital of the world is wasted; in savage life by not knowing how to compass what is necessary; in civilized life by the pursuit of what is needless.

Yet these are but trifling. Men might live with very foolish furniture around them, with absurdly ill-built houses, noisy and smoky, mostly of one pattern, and that a bad one, if all were well in their social relations and intercourse—if they had found out the art of living in these important respects. But, as it is, *how poor a thing is social intercourse!* How often in society a man goes out from interested or vain motives, at most unseasonable hours, to sit or stand in a constrained position, inhaling tainted air, suffering from great heat, his sole occupation or amusement being to talk! I do not mean to say that there are not delightful meetings in society, which all who were present at remember afterward; where the party has been well chosen, the host and hostess genial (a matter of the first necessity); where wit has been kind as well as playful; where information has known how to be silent as well as how to speak; where good humor to absent, as well as to the present, has assured the company that they were among good people; and where a certain feeling of regard and confidence has spread throughout the company, so that each man has spoken out from his heart. But these days are sadly rare. The main current of society is very dreary and dull, and not the less so for its restlessness. The chief hindrances to its improvements are of a moral nature—want of truthfulness, shyness, imitation, foolish concern about trifles, want of faithfulness to society, habits of ridicule, and puritanical notions.

Want of truth is as fatal, if not more so, to enjoyment as it is to business. From want of the boldness which truth requires, people are driven into uncongenial society, into many modes of needless and painful ostentation, and into various pretences, excuses, and all sorts of vexatious dissimulation. The spirit of barter is carried into the amusements and enjoyments of life.

Shyness proceeds from a painful egotism, sharpened by needless self-examinations and foolish imaginations, in which the shy youth or maiden is tormented by his or her personality, and is haunted by imagining that he or she is the center of the circle—the observed of all observers. This comes from not sufficiently accustoming children to society, or making them suppose that their conduct in it is a matter of extreme importance, and especially from urging them in their earliest youth by this most injurious of all sayings, "If you do this or that, what will be thought of you?" thus referring the child, not to religion, not to wisdom, not to virtue, not even to the opinion of those whose opinion ought to have weight, but to the opinion of whatever society he may chance to come into. The parent who has happily omitted to instill this vile prudential consideration, or enabled the child to resist it, even if he has omitted much good advice and guidance, has still done better than that teacher or parent who has filled the child to the brim with good moral considerations, and yet has allowed this one piece of arrant worldliness to creep in.

I come now to *foolish concern about trifles*—a besetting error in highly civilized communities. In these societies, there are many things, both physical and intellectual, which are outwardly complete, highly polished and varnished; much, too, is in its proper place, and corresponds with what it ought to correspond to.

"Grove nods to grove, each alley has its brother,"

so that at last there comes a morbid excitement to have every little thing and circumstance square and neat, which neither nature nor man will allow. Hence the pleasure of visits and entertainments, and, in general, the plans and projects of social intercourse are at the mercy of small accidents—absurd cares and trifling offences. When this care for small things is combined with an intense fear of the opinion of others, a state of mind is generated which will neither allow the possessor of it to be happy in himself, nor permit him to enjoy any peace or comfort for long.

The next hindrance is one rarely commented upon, but very important—*want of faithfulness to society*. In whatever company a man is thrown, there are certain duties incident upon him in respect of that association. The first of these is prudence about what he hears in that society. In all social intercourse, there is an implied faithfulness of the members of the society, one to another; and if this faithfulness were well maintained, not only would a great deal of pain and mischief be prevented, but men knowing that they were surrounded by people with a nice sense of honor in this respect would be more frank and explicit in all they said and did.

I pass to the *habit of ridicule*. There is a light, jesting, flippant, unkind mode of talking about things and persons very common in society, exceedingly different from wit, which stifles good conversation, and gives a sense of general hostility rather than sociability, as if men came together for the purpose of ridiculing their neighbors, and of talking slightly about matters of great concern. I am not sure that this conduct is not a result rather than a cause—a result of vanity, want of truth, want of faithfulness, and other hindrances which we have been considering. It certainly bespeaks a lamentable want of charity, and shows that those who indulge in it are sadly ignorant of the dignity of social intercourse, and of what a great thing it might be.

Lastly, there is the *want of something to do beside talking*, which must be put down as one of the greatest drawbacks to the pleasantness as well as usefulness of social intercourse. Puritanical notions have

gone some way in occasioning this want, by forbidding many innocent or indifferent amusements. But I suspect that anybody who should study human nature much would find that it was one of the most dangerous amusements to bring people together to talk, who have but little to say.

But this consideration of the want of something to do beside talking, leads naturally to that branch of the art of living which is connected with *accomplishments*. In this we have hitherto been singularly neglectful; and our poor and arid education has often made time hang heavily on our hands, given opportunity for scandal, occasioned domestic dissension, and prevented the just enjoyments we should have had of the gifts of nature. More large and general cultivation of music, of the fine arts, of manly and graceful exercises, of various minor branches of science and natural philosophy, will, I am persuaded, enhance greatly the pleasure of society, and mainly in this, that it will fill up that want of something to do beside talking which is so grievously felt at present. This, however, is but a small part of the advantage and aid to the art of living which would flow from a greatly widened basis of education in accomplishments, and what are now deemed minor studies. The whole of life would be beautiful and vivified by them. Various excellences would be developed in persons whose natures, not being suitable for the few things cultivated and rewarded at present, are thick with thorns and briars, and present the appearance of waste land; whereas, if sown with the fit seed, and tended in a proper manner, they would come into some sort of cultivation, would bring forth something good, perhaps something excellent of its kind. People who now lie sunk in self-respect would become useful, or ornamental, and therefore genial; they would be an assistance to society instead of a weight upon it.

Another great matter is the *art of living with inferiors*. A house may be ever so well arranged for domestic and social comfort, the principal inmates of it well-disposed and accomplished people, their circumstances of life felicitous; yet if there is a want of that harmony which should extend through every house, embracing all the members of the household, there is an under-current of vexation sufficient to infect and deaden all the above-named advantages. Still with all disadvantages, it is surprising how much may be done with servants by firmness, kindness, geniality, and just familiarity. Under the head of kindness, I should particularly wish to include full employment. The master who keeps one servant more than he has absolutely need for, is not only a mischief to society, but is unkind to that servant and to all his fellow-servants; for what is more cruel to a vacant mind than to leave it half-employed?—*Seed Grain for Thought, by Mrs. Lowell.*

ORIGIN OF THE UNIVERSE.—Philosophy has endeavored to account for the origin and formation of this globe on principles of Nature and Reason; while theology has put forth every effort to sustain the opinion entertained by primitive generations, and sanctioned by theological authority. Scientific philosophy has indisputably demonstrated the immutability of natural laws, the immortality of Truth, and the unchanging nature of all principles governing the universe. And thought has partially lifted the veil that has so long concealed the truth from the minds of the world; and this has been done by thought alone, the most exalted faculty belonging to the human mind. Nevertheless, general truth has been arrived at by pursuing curved lines through the mythology and superstition of every age and nation. The lines that lead to truth unmingled with error, however, are perfectly straight; and these, if pursued, lead gradually beyond the realms of darkness and ignorance that may have environed the mind of the traveler; and every step that is taken ushers him into a more beautiful light. And thus he approaches Truth by the light of Reason and the unchanging laws of Nature; and when he arrives at the Truth, he finds himself surrounded with grandeur and magnificence that can be conceived of, and appreciated only, by one who has the supreme love of eternal Truth dwelling within him. The mythological opinions of primitive nations have been gradually and imperceptibly modified, as knowledge has been unfolded in the minds of mankind. And these modifications have been so imperceptible to each subsequent generation, that the nineteenth century only unfolds a true conception of the change, by its contrast of truth, and light, and knowledge, with the ignorance and superstition of the extreme ages of antiquity.—*A. J. Davis.*

KORAN OR ALKORAN OF MAHOMET.—Written about A. D. 610. Its general aim was to unite the professors of Idolatry and the Jews and Christians in the worship of one God, (whose unity was the chief point inculcated,) under certain laws and ceremonies, exacting obedience to Mahomet as the prophet. It was written in the Koreish Arabic, and this language, which certainly possessed every fine quality, was said to be that of Paradise. Mahomet asserted that the Koran was revealed to him during a period of twenty-three years, by the Angel Gabriel. The style of this volume is beautiful, fluent, and concise; and where the majesty and attributes of God are described, it is sublime and magnificent. Mahomet admitted the mission both of Moses and Jesus Christ.—*Dr. Jortin.* The leading article of faith which this impostor preached, is compounded of an eternal truth and a necessary fiction, namely, that there is only one God, and that Mahomet is the apostle of God.—*Gibbon.* The Koran was translated into Latin in 1143; and into English and other European languages about 1763, *et seq.* It is a rhapsody of 3000 verses, divided into 114 sections.

A WESTERN editor, having heard that to persons in a drowning condition, all the events of their past life suddenly rise vividly before them, modestly expresses a wish that some of his delinquent subscribers would take to bathing in deep water.

ANECDOTES OF NAPOLEON.

PROFESSOR KRANTSALATT, of the *New York Pioneer*, furnishes that paper with the following original anecdotes of Napoleon. The Professor says: "He has studied the columns of the American press for years and can conscientiously place his hand on his vest padding, and say that he has carefully endeavored to catch the spirit of the Napoleonic anecdotes served out to the American public. This style of anecdote seems highly popular, and publishers of magazines and weekly papers would possibly find it to their advantage, to engage the services of the Herr Professor. Anecdotes in the following style, are written by him at one shilling per column. Old anecdotes of Alexander the Great, Julius Caesar, Scipio Africanus, Themistocles, Xerxes and Hannibal, adapted to Napoleon, at the rate of sixpence each, not including the paper. Anecdotes of Thiers, Talleyrand and others, will be furnished at a small advance on the above rates."

One day the Emperor was riding by a window, through which he saw a tailor at work; the Emperor stopped opposite the window which was open, and cried out, "And what is your employment, my fine fellow?" "I am a tailor, sire!" said the man. The reply was so appropriate that the Emperor took the Cross of the Legion of Honor from his own breast, and made him a Topographical Engineer on the spot.

In the earlier part of spring, Napoleon was in the habit of rising early and walking in plain dress by the side of the Seine. One morning, in the course of his perambulations, he encountered one of the fraternity of washerwomen, commonly known as laundresses. Seeing her drinking something, the Emperor said: "What is that you are drinking, madame?" "Water," said she. "Water!" said the Emperor. "Yes, one must needs drink water when one can get nothing else." The Emperor said nothing at the moment, but the next day, the old woman was surprised upon being informed that his Majesty had been so pleased with exhibition of contentment, that he had assigned her a pension of a hundred thousand francs per year.

A FARM laborer was walking with his shoes in his hand along the road, when it happened that the Emperor was passing: "Why do you not put your shoes upon your feet, my good fellow?" said he. "Ah! I may injure them on the pebbles of the road," said the peasant. "Why, then, by avoiding that you may injure your toes," said the Emperor. "True, sire, but they will get well of their own accord again, while a shoe out of repair will cost something to mend." Napoleon admired his economical philosophy so much that he immediately appointed him Minister of Finance to the Empire, with the title of the Duc de Sabot.

IMMEDIATELY after the battle of Austerlitz, Napoleon was riding over the field of battle, giving directions as to the wounded and the dead. In his progress he saw a camp follower, who appeared to have been wounded in the cheek. "You appear to have been doing a soldier's duty," said Napoleon. "Oh! a pitch plaster will make it all well in a day or two." The Emperor, struck with the intrepidity of the man and the originality of the reply, made him a Marshal of the Empire on the field, and ever after, held him in the highest respect.

A VISIONARY CHARACTER.—I once knew a person, (but he died young) who seemed to me literally inspired. He looked upon the grand and beautiful forms of inanimate nature as if they were endowed with a living spirit. When the trees waved their boughs in the air, he believed that they were talking in whispers to him: and he saw forms in the clouds that bowed their heads, and lifted up their hands, and spread their wings oracularly to him. He spoke little but commonly appeared in a delirium or dream, and was very fretful and angry when he was interrupted. He wrote fragments of what he saw and heard, but he had not yet arrived at a full command of language. He drew the outlines of a sort of visionary epic, mainly composed of Spirits. His imagination was much stronger than his reason, but yet he had a subtle and powerful intellect. He contracted an attachment to a beautiful girl, whose form was almost as beautiful as he thought it, but whose mind was unworthy of him; and I suspect that he died of this attachment, for it touched his sanity. Indeed, independent of this passion, common observers deemed him not sane; but if his inspirations were not reason they were something nobler than reason. He was a magnificent creature—scarcely a being of this earth—and I have never ceased to lament his loss with a mysterious and indescribable regret.—*Sir Edgerton Brydges' Autobiography.*

NUMBER OF THE STARS.—Of the stars thousands are visible to the naked eye, and millions are discovered by the telescope. Sir John Herschell calculates that about five millions of stars are visible enough to be distinctly counted in a twenty-foot reflector in both hemispheres, and thinks that the actual number is much greater. His illustrious father estimated on one occasion that one hundred and twenty-five thousand stars passed through the field of his forty-foot reflector in a quarter of an hour. This would give twelve millions for the entire circuit of the heavens in a single telescopic zone; and this estimate was made under the assumption that the nebulae were masses of luminous matter, not condensed suns. But with the increase of instrumental power, especially under the grasp of Lord Rosse's gigantic reflector and the great reflectors of Pulkova and Cambridge, the most irresolvable of these nebulae have given way; and the better opinion now is that every one of them is a galaxy, like our own milky way, composed of millions of suns.

A YOUNG lady, after dancing all the night, and several hours longer, will generally find, on consulting the looking-glass, that the evening's amusement will not bear the morning's reflection.

An editor in speaking of a tenor vocalist, remarks that the more an audience admires saw filing, the sooner he will become a great favorite with them.

PARTRIDGE AND BRITTAN'S SPIRITUAL TELEGRAPH.

SPIRIT AND CLAIRVOYANT MEDIUMS IN NEW YORK.

Mrs. E. J. French, No. 4 Fourth Avenue, Clairvoyant and Healing Physician for the treatment of diseases. Hours, 10 A. M. to 1 P. M., and 2 to 4 P. M. Electro-medicated Baths given by Mrs. French.

Mrs. Harriet Porter, Clairvoyant Physician and Spirit-Medium, 109 West Twenty-fourth-street, between Sixth and Seventh Avenues. Hours from 10 to 12 A. M. and from 2 to 5 P. M., Wednesdays and Sundays excepted.

Mrs. J. E. Kellogg, Spirit Medium, Rooms, No. 625 Broadway, New York. Visitors received for the investigation of Spirit Manifestations every day, (except Sundays,) from 9 A. M. to 12½ P. M. On Tuesdays, Thursdays, Fridays and Saturdays, from 7 to 9 P. M.

Mrs. Bradley, Healing Medium, 109 Green-street. Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays, from 10 A. M. until 4 P. M.

Miss Katy Fox, Rapping Medium, Twenty-second street, corner Fourth Avenue. May be seen in the evening only.

Miss Seabring can be seen daily, at 115½ Grand street. Hours, from 10 to 12 A. M. and 2 to 5 and 8 to 10 P. M. No Circle Saturday evenings, nor Sunday mornings and afternoons.

Mrs. Beck, 383 Eighth Avenue, Trance, Speaking, Rapping, Tipping and Personating Medium.

J. B. Conklin, Test Medium, Rooms 477 Broadway. Hours, daily, from 9 A. M. to 12 o'clock, and from 2 to 4 P. M.

A. B. Smith, Rondout, N. Y., Clairvoyant and Spirit Medium for healing the sick. Mr. S. can examine patients at a distance by having their names and residences submitted to his inspection.

Mr. G. A. Redman, of Boston, Test Medium, has taken rooms at 133 Canal-street, (new No. 331) where he may be consulted.

Miss Mildred Cole, trance test medium, 483 Sixth Avenue, near 29th Street, visitors received every day and evening, Sundays excepted, from 9½ A. M. to 8½ P. M. Wednesday evenings reserved for attendance at Private Circles.

NEW JERSEY.

Mrs. Lorin L. Platt, of New Brunswick, N. J., Spiritual and Clairvoyant Medium employs her powers chiefly in the examination and treatment of disease.

Mrs. Julia A. Johnson, (late Mrs. S. B. Johnson), No. 43 Walker-street, New York, Psychical Physician, Healing and Rapping Medium.

CONNECTICUT.

Mrs. J. R. Mettler, Clairvoyant and Spirit Medium, devotes her time chiefly to the examination and treatment of the sick. Mrs. M. also gives Psychometrical delineations of character. Residence, No. 9 Winthrop-street, Hartford.

Mrs. R. M. Henderson is a Trance-Speaking Medium of whose abilities we hear very favorable reports. We once had the pleasure of listening to her in Hartford, and can truly say that her discourse on that occasion was, intrinsically and as an illustration of mediumship, above the average standard. Mrs. Henderson may be addressed at Newtown, Conn.

Mrs. Caroline E. Dorman, Clairvoyant, residence 123 Grand-street, New Haven. Medical examinations and prescriptions for the sick will be attended to.

RHODE ISLAND.

Mrs. H. T. Huntley is a Trance-Speaking Medium, who has been employed in this capacity for two years. Address at Providence, R. I.

BOSTON.

Mrs. W. R. Hayden, Test Medium, by Rapping, Writing, and other modes of manifestation. Residence, No. 5 Hayward-place.

Miss Frank Burbank, Trance, Speaking and Personating Medium, may be found at No. 93 Hudson Street.

G. A. Redman, Test Medium by the various modes, Rapping, Writing and Tipping, has his rooms at No. 45 Carver-street.

Mrs. B. K. Little, (formerly Miss Ellis), Rapping, Writing and Trance Medium, has opened rooms at No. 46 Elliot-street.

Miss A. W. Snow, No. 104 Tyler-street, Writing and Trance Medium, propose to answer sealed letters, and describe persons that have left the form.

FITCHBURG, MS.

Mrs. E. W. Sidney, Medical Clairvoyant and Spirit Medium, Rooms Fitchburg, Mass. Terms for an examination and prescription, \$1.

SOUTH ROYALTON, VT.

Mrs. Mary H. Brown, Medical Clairvoyant and Healing Medium, will be happy to wait on the sick and afflicted.

NASHUA, N. H.

Charles Ramsdell, Clairvoyant, Writing and Psychometric Medium, 19 Elm-street.

MICHIGAN.

Mrs. C. M. Tuttle, who has for some three years been before the public as a highly acceptable trance lecturing medium, will answer demands upon her services in the above capacity. Address Albion, Michigan.

OHIO.

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